

The Sketch

No. 1118—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



THE LUCKY GUEST WHO GOT THE £600 MOTOR-CAR AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL, AT THE SAVOY:
DR. SIDNEY HOWARD BROWNING.

Dr. Sidney Howard Browning, of 38, Harley Street, was the lucky recipient of the £600 20-h.p. Daimler motor-car under "The Sketch" scheme of gifts for guests at the amazing Midnight Ball, at the Savoy, on Thursday of last week. In connection with this distribution of gifts, we should like to emphasise the point that everybody at the Ball had an equal chance, and that there was no favouritism whatever in the

allotting of the presents. This is guaranteed by Lord Lonsdale, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Muriel Paget, Lord Robert Innes-Ker, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and the Editor of "The Sketch," under whose personal supervision the distribution was done. Dr. Browning, who is the gentleman sitting, is M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. (London, 1909). He was a student at Guy's.—[*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



"Sedentary Employés."

In the matter of the Paris Postal Strike, I must admit that I am all on the side of the postmen. A representative of the *Daily Telegraph* asked one of the postmen what were the claims they put forward.

"It is simply this," said the man; "the sedentary employés of the Post Office, who have the title of clerks or agents, and who receive a higher salary than the letter-carriers, receive also, in addition to their pay, a sum of 400f. a year as a lodging indemnity in Paris. We who also live in Paris—that is, sorters, letter-carriers of first-class mail, and of printed matter—are considered only secondary agents or sous-agents, and, as such, we receive not only a lower salary, but also 100f. less for lodging indemnity. We think this is unjust. If the clerks get 400f. indemnity a year for having to live in Paris, we also want 400f. There will still be a difference in the wages, as they receive up to 2400f. a year, and we only from 1200f. to 1800f. The Government, therefore, may well give us a rise of 100f. This is all we want, and we shall demonstrate until we get it."

To begin with, the phrase "sedentary employé" appeals to me very forcibly, as it will also appeal to anybody who has had much business to conduct in a Parisian Post Office. Nothing could be more sedentary than the long line of gentlemen who sit behind the counter entirely absorbed in their own affairs, and resent the intrusion of those who come to do business with the Government.

Pay for Living in Paris.

English postal officials are courtesy and alacrity itself compared with the sedentary variety in Paris. Those of my readers who have been young will remember the game, "Last in bed puts out the light." The little gentlemen who sit in a long row in a Parisian Post Office appear to have a similar game which they play all day long amongst themselves: the title might be, "First to look up does the work." They keep their eyes studiously fixed on the newspaper, or the game of "Noughts and Crosses" which they are playing with a companion, until at last some unwary member of the troupe is unfortunate enough to meet your eye with his own, and then he is compelled, poor fellow, to weigh your letter or sell you a stamp. But he never rises from his stool. He stretches as far as he can, and, when he can stretch no further, he shouts to the next man to stretch for him. Thus my appreciation of the phrase, "sedentary employés."

It now appears that these gentlemen receive four hundred francs a year as a lodging indemnity in Paris, whereas the postmen get three hundred francs by way of lodging indemnity. Hence the strike. I am glad to think that anybody gets anything for living in Paris; it is well worth it. Apart from that, I have long held that the fact of a man having to live in a city should be taken into account, not only when his salary is under consideration, but also when he is paying his income tax. Years ago, I put this point at some length, and with eloquence, to an income-tax collector, and he, being a reasonable and human person, although a Government official, saw the force of my argument. If the strike of the Paris postmen helps to put ideas of this sort into the minds of professional people in England when next they are confronted with the income-tax paper, the strike will not have been in vain.

At Last!

There will be, I presume, a tremendous rush to see M. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," now that the Lord Chamberlain has at last given his consent to a public performance. At one time, the theatrical papers contained little or nothing except references to "Monna Vanna." The Censor of

Plays was called a saint, and a fool, and a Philistine, and a dullard, and an angel, and the saviour of his country, and a Vandal, and a Goth, and all the other terms that come tripping lightly to the pens of those who write letters to the newspapers. I believe that some good people were so incensed by the refusal of the Censor to license this work that they wilfully destroyed the breakfast things, and had to be confined in lunatic asylums for their own good. The controversy raged for years, until at last an American playwright conceived the very simple idea of embodying the situation from which the Censor was saving us in a play of his own. This play, neatly entitled "The Devil," was promptly licensed and produced at the Adelphi Theatre. It had a lamentably short run, lamentable not because the play had any particular merit, but because it was preceded by a little piece in one act written by myself, and pieces in one act always share the fate of the plays they precede.

I congratulate Mr. J. T. Grein on having secured a license at last for "Monna Vanna," but I cannot for the life of me understand why he should produce the play for a series of matinées instead of putting it into the evening bill at Drury Lane. If advertisement goes for anything, as we are always being assured that it does, "Monna Vanna" ought to pack the largest theatre in London for at least three years. Indeed, I don't see why it should not become a rival to "A Night Out," which, by the way, would not be at all a bad title of the illustrative sort for M. Maeterlinck's play.

'Orrid Scenes in Hyde Park.

"Mother's Son" has witnessed in Hyde Park "a scene which should make every decent Englishman blush for his country. I saw a frail woman hooted and tormented and jostled by a lot of so-called men because she had spoken on female suffrage. Since when have Englishmen," asks "Mother's Son," "so jealous of their liberties, ceased to regard Hyde Park as the national forum for free speech? Or are Englishmen jealous only of their own male prerogatives, and indifferent to the rights of Englishwomen?"

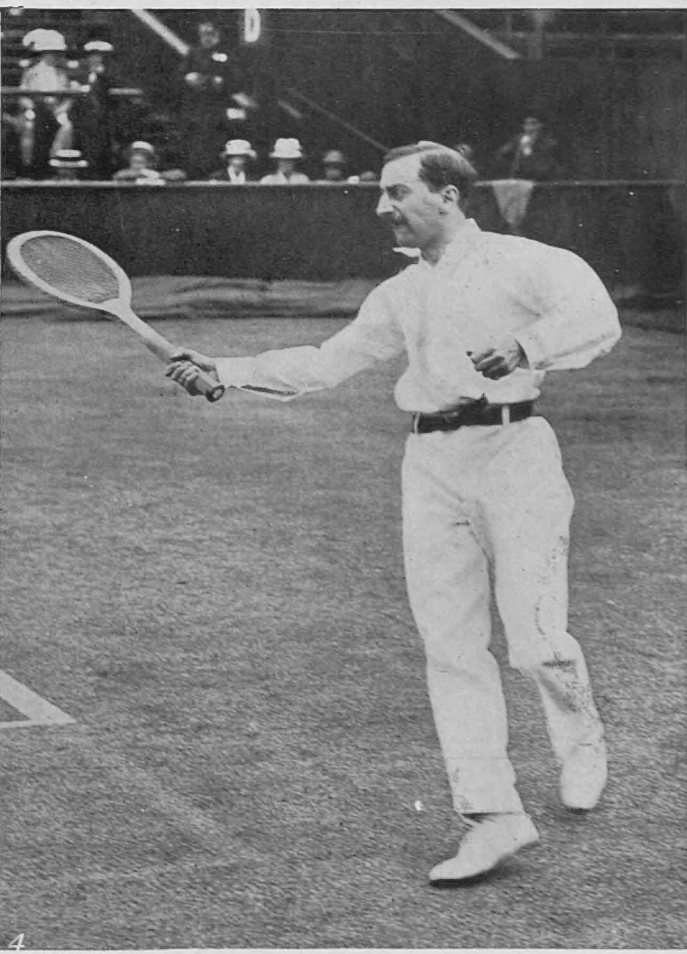
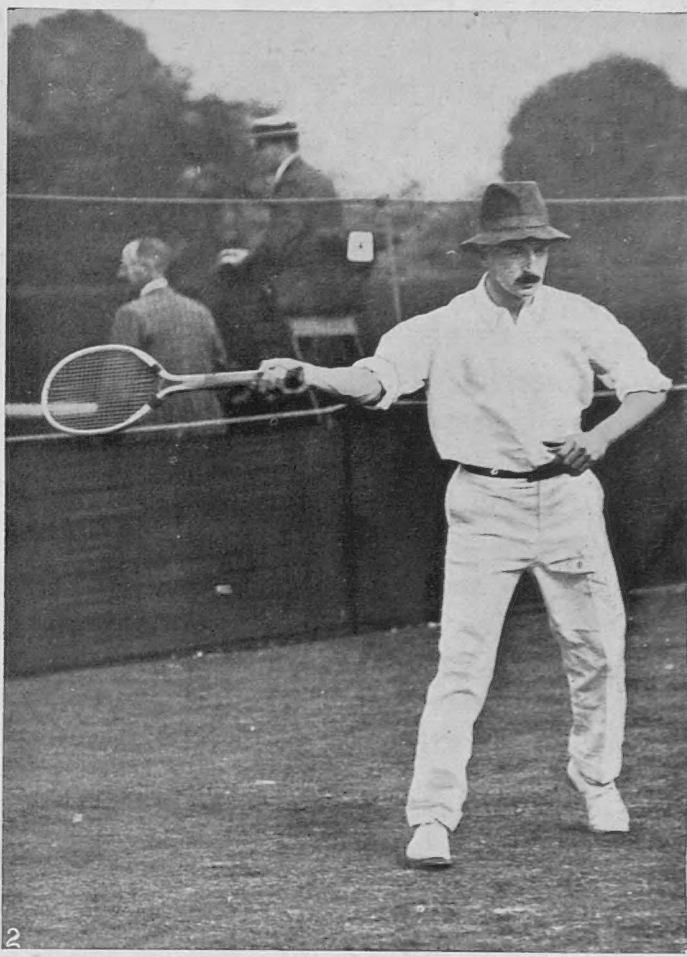
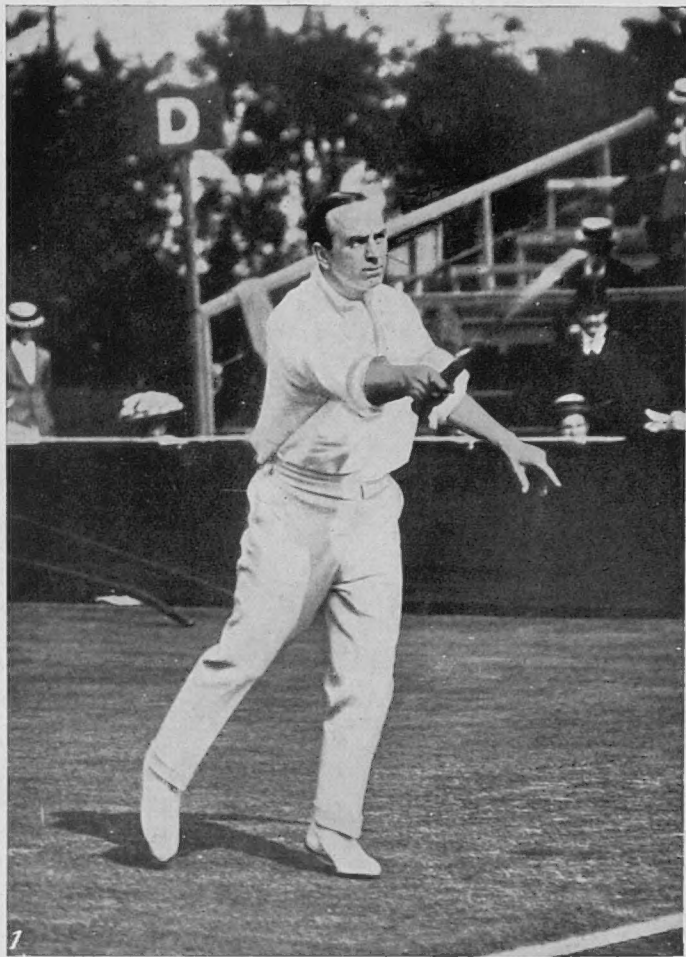
I can quite understand the feelings of "Mother's Son." Indeed, anybody who can seriously sign himself "Mother's Son" in a public newspaper is a person on whom we must lavish all the sympathy we possess. He is a person who should be spared any such painful scene as he witnessed in Hyde Park, and I implore him to keep away from Hyde Park so long as weak, defenceless women continue to inflame crowds of so-called men with their harangues. I quite agree with "Mother's Son" that every decent Englishman should blush for his country, and that is why the English are distinguished among the nations of the world for the ruddy hue of their countenances.

The Ultimate Struggle.

"Do these rowdies," adds "Mother's Son," "represent the British public? One has only to see them to be convinced of the contrary. They are, for the most part, hooligans and boys out for a lark, and are, no doubt, astonished themselves that the police stand ineptly by while they go on with their manly sport of women-baiting."

"Mother's Son" is a dear fellow, but I am afraid he rather takes the knock when he asks whether these "rowdies" represent the British public. He might as well ask whether the police represent British law and order. Of course they do. The police are there because they have been deputed by the public to maintain law and order, the British public being busy in the meantime about other things. And the "hooligans" who hustle and torment Suffragettes are there because somebody must voice the feelings of the British householder on the subject of militancy when it extends to burning churches. If the "hooligans" go too far, so do the Suffragettes, and the whole matter seems to be adjusting itself nicely as a combat between these two classes.

NOMINATED FOR THE BRITISH ISLES: DAVIS CUP PLAYERS.



1. MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.

2. MR. A. R. F. KINGSCOTE.

3. MR. J. C. PARKE.

4. MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.

The International Match Committee of the Lawn-Tennis Assoc. have nominated Messrs. J. C. Parke, H. Roper Barrett, T. M. Mavrogordato, and A. R. F. Kingscote as the British Isles Team against Belgium in the first round of the Davis Cup at Folkestone on July 7, 8, 9. If successful against Belgium, the team will do duty against France in the second round at Wimbledon on July 11, 13, 14. Messrs. Parke and Barrett are old internationals, and Mr. Parke was a member of the team which secured the

Cup for Great Britain in 1912. Mr. Kingscote played himself into the side by his victory at Beckenham in the Kent Championships. The names of Mr. C. P. Dixon and Mr. F. G. Lowe are notable omissions, but the first-named has not been very well lately, while Mr. Gordon Lowe's turn will probably come later on. The Davis Cup is at present in the possession of the United States, who won it through Messrs. McLoughlin, Williams, and Hackett last year at Wimbledon.

Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, and Illustrations Bureau.

"FUTURISTIC" AND OTHERWISE: THE NEW "TOUCH"



1. MISS LAURA COWIE (AS A "FUTURIST" PIERROT).
2. MISS EMMY WEHLEN (AS A "FUTURIST" COSTER).
3. MRS. WALTER LESTER (AS A FRENCH QUEEN).

4. MRS. DORIGNY.
5. MISS MARIE TEMPEST.
6. MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

7. MISS LORNA DELLA AS A POSTER STAMP.
8. THE HON. G. WILLS; AND A FRIEND.
9. LORD LONSDALE; AND A FRIEND.

The amazing Midnight Ball, held at the Savoy last week in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, was a very great success. Indeed, there were many who were heard to say that of the various great fancy-dress balls they have attended this was decidedly the cheeriest. Practically everyone who is anyone in London was there, and the costumes were as varied as they were brilliant; while many of them, needless to say, showed what wearers and costumiers—to say nothing of the newspapers—are fond of calling the "Futuristic" touch, though whether the Futurists would agree with the description is

IN DRESS, AT THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL.



10. MRS. CARL LEVEL AS THE FIGURE FROM THE MIDNIGHT BALL ANNOUNCEMENT.
 11. THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND POSTER STAMP; AND MISS DICKIE TORRENS (AS A POSTER STAMP).
 12. MISS LEAR.

13. DUELLIST; AND HARLEQUIN.
 14. MISS ALICE CRAWFORD; AND THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT ("MISS ZENA DARE").
 15. MRS. COSMO HAMILTON (IN "FUTURIST" DRESS).

another matter! As most of our readers must know, the remarkable "Sketch" scheme of gifts for guests was duly carried out, much to the general satisfaction and enrichment. A portrait of the recipient of the £600 Daimler is on our front page. With regard to the National Institute for the Blind Poster Stamps, our charitable readers will be glad to know that the stamps can be bought in packets at the railway bookstalls, at booksellers', and in the stationery departments of most leading London drapers. The sale of these stamps helps the Institute very materially.—[Photographs by Hugh Cecil; and by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- | FICTION. | MISCELLANEOUS. |
|--|--|
| The Oyster. By A. Peer. 6s. (Long.) | Vagabonds in Perigord. H. H. Bashford. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.) |
| The Red Virgin. G. Frederick Turner. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.) | Turkish Memories. Sidney Whitman. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.) |
| Dr. Ivor's Wife. Mary Kernahan. 6s. (Allen.) | Eight Years in Germany. I. A. R. Wylie. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills and Boon.) |
| The Lost Tribes. George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder.) | Modern Dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. 5s. net. (Harper.) |
| The Money Hunt. Kineton Parkes. 6s. (Holden and Hardingham.) | Albania. Wadham Peacock. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.) |
| From Opposite Shores. V. Guicciardi-Fiastri. 6s. (Goschen.) | British Trees at a Glance. Forster Robson. 7d. net. (Holden and Harraingham.) |
| Under the Incense Trees. Cecil Adair. 6s. (Stanley Paul.) | The Clock that Had No Hands. Herbert Kaufman. 2s. (Hodder and Stoughton.) |
| Roding Rectory. Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Stanley Paul.) | A Wanderer's Trail. A. Loton Ridger. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.) |
| Blake's Burden. Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.) | On the Track of the Great: Recollections of a Special Correspondent. Aubrey Stanhope. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.) |
| The Magic Tale of Haravanger and Yolande. G. P. Baker. 6s. (Long.) | Curtain-Raisers and Sketches. Vols. III. and IV. W. Sapte. 1s. net each. (Griffiths.) |
| Desmond O'Connor. George H. Jessop. 6s. (Long.) | Chile: Its Land and People. Francis J. G. Maitland. 10s. 6d. net. (Griffiths.) |
| The Beloved Premier. H. Maxwell. 6s. (Long.) | The Truth About Ulster. F. Frankfort Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.) |
| One of Us: A Novel in Verse. Gilbert Frankau. 1s. net. (Chatto and Windus.) | The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. D. H. Lawrence. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.) |
| Leentas. E. J. C. Stevens. 6s. (Allen.) | Life in an Indian Outpost. Major Gordon Casserby. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.) |
| The Plunderer. Roy Norton. 6s. (Mills and Boon.) | The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy. C. V. Boyer. 6s. (Routledge.) |
| The Marriage Lines. J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Nash.) | By the Waters of Germany. Norma Lorimer. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.) |
| Jude the Woman. F. C. and A. T. Phillips. 6s. (Nash.) | The Cradle of Mankind. W. A. and E. T. A. Wigram. 12s. 6d. net. (Black.) |
| Mistress Charity Godolphin. Gladys Murdock. 6s. (Murray.) | Pagan: A Book of Verse. Amy Skovgaard-Pederson. 1s. 6d. net. (Fifield.) |
| The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists. Robert Tressall. 6s. (Grant Richards.) | From Russia to Siam. Ernest Young. 10s. 6d. net. (Goschen.) |
| The Price Paid. Effie Adelaide Rowlands. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.) | An Irishman's Home. L. G. Redmond-Howard and Harry Carson. 1s. net. |
| Love's Responsibilities. Mrs. Stuart Menzies. 6s. (Holden and Hardingham.) | The Inner History of the Balkan War. Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Hankin. 15s. net. (Constable.) |
| The Priceless Thing. Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Stanley Paul.) | Play-Writing for the Cinema. Ernest A. Dench. 1s. net. (Black.) |
| That Strange Affair. Walter Brügge-Vallon. 6s. (Stanley Paul.) | Common British Beetles. Rev. Charles A. Hall. 1s. net. |
| This Man and This Woman. Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Nash.) | Harry Lauder: At Home and On Tour. Harry Lauder. 1s. net. (Greening.) |
| The Woman's Way. Charles Garvice. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.) | The Ways of Society: A Book of Etiquette. Mrs. Danvers Delano. 6s. (Werner Laurie.) |
| The Woman's Law. Maravene Thompson. 6s. (Nash.) | Golf for Women. George Duncan. 3s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.) |
| The Silent Captain. May Wynne. 6s. (Stanley Paul.) | Caravan Days. Bertram Smith. 5s. net. (Nisbet.) |
| Letters to Caroline. Elinor Glyn. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.) | |
| My Lady Bountiful. Gilbert Littlestone. 6s. (Ward, Lock.) | |
| Monsignor Villarsa. By the Duke Litt. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.) | |
| Three Against the World. Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.) | |

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits), beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
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THE PRINCE PROMOTED : ROYAL LADIES AS COLONELS-IN-CHIEF : ENTERTAINING THE POLO TEAM.

Lance-Corporal the Prince of Wales. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has gained his first promotion in the Army: he is now a lance-corporal, and wears on his khaki coat one chevron to denote his rank. A lance-corporal is a sort of Mohammed's coffin, for he is suspended between two ranks. He is not yet a corporal, and is not admitted to the corporals' room where the non-commissioned officers of that rank foregather. On parade he may be ordered to fall in with the rank-and-file, or he may be used as a non-commissioned officer and find a position in the supernumerary rank. And, in the same way, in the barrack-room he may hold a position of command or may sit with the rest and say

Hurlingham has, of course, a special right to pride itself on the achievement of the British team, for it was in the name of Hurlingham that the challenge was issued to America, and the Polo Committee of the Club bestirred themselves most helpfully when, for a few days, it seemed as though Lord Wimborne might not be able to take out a really representative team.

The Pilgrims.

The Pilgrims, no doubt, can bring the entertainment of the British team within the scope of their hospitality, although the club in England was formed for the entertainment of celebrated Americans and Colonials who come to our shores, just as the Pilgrims in America offer their hospitality to Britons of distinction who cross the Atlantic. Our polo team, by their expedition to Meadowbrook to regain the Cup, have identified themselves quite sufficiently with America to justify the Pilgrims in offering them their hospitality; and Lord Roberts, the President of the Pilgrims' Club, has all along taken the greatest interest, as a fine horseman himself and of old days a polo-player, in the fortunes of the team, gave his advice and help at a critical time to Lord Wimborne, and sent a telegram of two words of congratulation to Captain Barrett when he heard late at night the result of the second match. There has probably never been a British dining-club at the banquets of which the speeches are so uniformly good and so uniformly short as they are at those of the Pilgrims. It may be that the American influence has made itself felt in this, but our legislators and our soldiers and sailors all seem to make particularly happy speeches after a Pilgrims' dinner; and the Colonial Premiers, when they visit London, seem relieved, after all the serious talking they are obliged to do at official banquets, to find themselves at a dinner where jokes are appreciated and where humour is the rule and not the exception.

Honourable Wounds.

An international polo match is played at such a desperate pace and with such tremendous energy that few men come out of it without bearing some honourable wound. Captain Cheape's broken nose was a casualty received in a practice game, and so was the broken thumb of Mr. J. M. Waterbury's left hand. But in the second match two of Mr. J. M. Waterbury's right-hand fingers were hurt by a blow



NOT COSTUMED FOR AN ENGLISH VERSION OF A RUSSIAN BALLET, BUT FOR RAFT-BUILDING DRILL: MEMBERS OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by L.N.A.

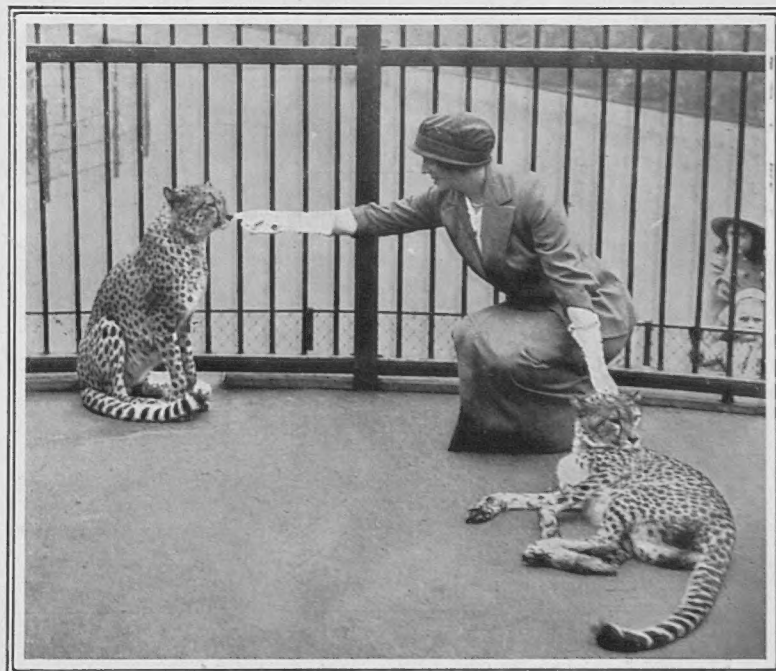
"No complaints" in chorus when the Orderly Officer comes round the dinners. The single stripe, however, distinguishes its recipient as a lad of promise, and in days to come, when the little Prince jumps up quickly from rank to rank until he reaches that of General, he will look back with a special pleasure to the day when his name appeared in Orders as having been selected amongst his fellows for a promotion to lance-corporal.

Queens as Colonels-in-Chief.

There are only two, I think, of the cavalry regiments and a few of the infantry regiments that have not some second title in brackets after their official name. Many of these second titles couple the regiment with some royal personage, but hitherto only the King and Princes of the blood amongst royalties have been appointed Colonels-in-Chief to regiments. Very distinguished soldiers and foreign Kings and Princes also hold these appointments in the British service, and now the King, amongst the Birthday Honours, has bestowed upon her Majesty the Queen, upon the Queen-Mother, upon the Princess Royal, and upon his aunt the Princess Louise full Colonelcy of regiments which have hitherto borne their names. Queen Alexandra has always taken a particular interest in the regiment named after her; and the Princess Louise, when the Duke of Argyll was Governor-General of Canada, selected her Equerry from the Highland regiment that bears her name, and has always in other ways kept in touch with her regiment. Each of the four royal ladies will now, should she wish it, wear the uniform of her corps, as the German royal Princesses do, and at a royal review, when the King takes the salute, the new Colonels-in-Chief are entitled to ride past him at the heads of their corps. This, however, we are not likely to see, for three at least of the new Colonels-in-Chief are not notable horsewomen.

The Return of the Victors.

Our victorious polo team were banqueted by Mr. August Belmont before they left America, and fought their battles over again with their American rivals across the table. The English branch of the Pilgrims are giving the returned victors a lunch on July 2, and the Hurlingham Club have asked them to dine on July 8, on which date it is hoped that the team of challengers will meet a strong team of the club on the polo-ground in the afternoon if the question of mounting the two sides on ponies of equal excellence can be arranged.

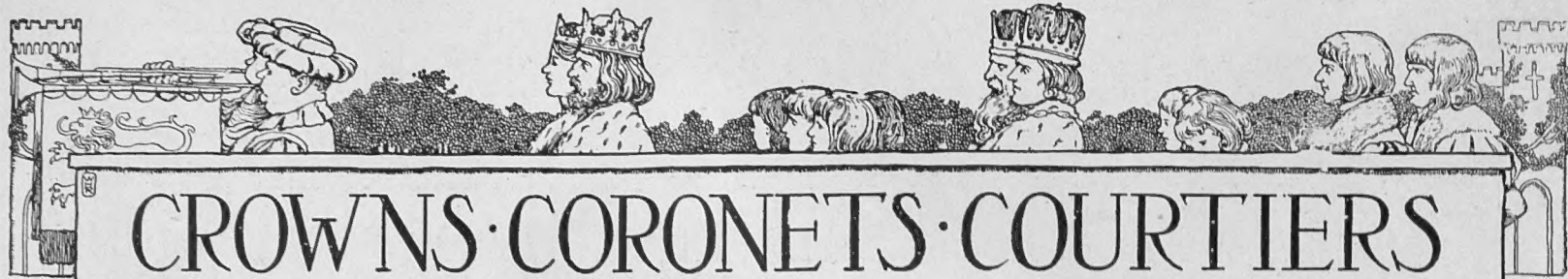


BELL-ING THE CHEETAHS: MISS ENID BELL, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, AMONG THE HUNTING-LEOPARDS, AT THE "ZOO."

The cheetah, or hunting-leopard of India, is easily tamed by man. When used for hunting, it is hooded and transported on a car. When the herd of deer, or other game, is seen, the keeper turns the animal's head in the proper direction and removes the hood, whereupon the cheetah slips from the car, approaches its prey stealthily, and then springs upon it.

Photograph by Wrath and Buys.

from a polo-stick, and blood was pouring from them at the conclusion of the game. Captain Barrett received a cut on his right forearm from a polo-stick, but the injury was not very serious. There has been no jarring note in the congratulations of the American sportsmen and the American Press to the winning team.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE season is not wasted on Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford. After the Gold Coast, London strikes them as being doubly full of good points. There is joy in the taste of tea in St. James' Street, and in the coolness of the breeze at Hyde Park Corner; London, besides, has a more literary flavour than West Africa; there are more publishers in Bedford Street than in the whole of Guinea. It is probable that Sir Hugh and his writing wife have both brought back manuscripts, or, as an intelligent native with an abounding command of English calls such things when Lady Clifford is responsible for them—womanuscripts.

Lady Howard de Walden.

Ever since the famous twins held up the course of social events at Seaford House, Lady Howard de Walden has been in two minds about all other interests. When she was married everybody hailed her as the new lady of light and leading; but since then dates have clashed. She preferred her nursery engagements to balls and Ascots and operas. Even now her return is only partial. Lord Howard de Walden was alone at Drury Lane the other night, and he and his wife have more than once failed to turn up at balls where they were half expected. It is not unlikely, however, that they will make a joint appearance at the Abbey Lodge Pageant—for which Lord Howard de Walden was "billed" some little time ago.

The Dancing Season.

The Hon. Mrs. Tom Wood's dance in Grosvenor Gardens was an unqualified success. Dinners were given beforehand by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, Lady Mostyn, Lady Aberdare, the Hon. Mrs. Wood

of Hengrave, and two or three others. These preliminary parties were alone sufficient to make the evening go with a swing; young people trooped in with their partners on their arms, or, at any rate, on their programmes—in accordance with a fashion that does away with the critical first half-hour or so that used to fret the souls alike of guest and hostess.

Baroness Beaumont, who is just engaged, was present. It is her last unmarried season

Lord Slinfold?

Several members of the National Liberal Club rubbed up enough Greek to write their congratulations to Sir Edgar Vincent, one of the new Peers, in an appropriate tongue. Sir Edgar's knowledge of languages is extensive and peculiar, and the rusty Greek of his friends does not wholly meet the requirements of his case. His great linguistic triumph consists in having written the grammar of modern Greek adopted by the University of Athens. He was born fifty-seven years ago at Slinfold, in Sussex; and since Esher, the place of his residence, is already in the Peerage, he will probably go to his native county for his title.

The Girl or the Battle.

The opening of the doors at No. 1, London, is one feature of a many-featured season, and next year they will be opened wider still. In 1915 Waterloo will be responsible; this year the liveliness with which things are going at Apsley House must be put down to the influence of Lady Eileen Wellesley. A daughter of the house, beautiful and charming, is, after all, a better pretext for parties than the greatest of ancient battles, even Waterloo.



ENGAGED: THE EARL OF EUSTON AND MISS EDYTHE HAVEMEYER, OF NEW YORK.

Lord Euston is the eldest surviving son of the Duke of Grafton, and was born in March 1850. In 1875 he married Margaret Rose (who died in 1913), daughter of Eric Carrington Smith. He has a son—Viscount Ipswich—and two daughters. Miss Havemeyer, who is well known in London, for she lives at 11, Draycott Avenue, is a daughter of the late Henry Havemeyer, the wealthy American sugar-refiner.

Photographs by Sport and General and Dover Street Studios.



TO MARRY MR. T. W. H. INSKIP AT THE END OF JULY: LADY AUGUSTA ORR-EWING.



MR. BERTRAM E. PHILIPPS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS FLORENCE CRUDDAS TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.



MRS. BERTRAM E. PHILIPPS (MISS FLORENCE CRUDDAS), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.



TO MARRY MR. EDWARD STAFFORD-KING-HARMAN ON JULY 4: MISS OLIVE PAKENHAM-MAHON.

Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing is the widow of the late Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, M.P., and eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow. Mr. Inskip is the second son of the late Mr. James Inskip, of Clifton Park House, Bristol.—Mr. Philipps is the fourth son of the late Canon Sir James E. Philipps, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Philipps. He is a J.P. for Northumberland and the Dominion of New Zealand, and a Captain in the Northumberland Hussar

Yeomanry (Reserve). Mrs. Philipps was Miss Florence Cruddas, and is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. D. Cruddas, D.L., of Haughton Castle, Northumberland, formerly M.P. (C.) for Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Miss Pakenham-Mahon is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham-Mahon, of Strokestown Park, Co. Roscommon, and 33, Post Street, Mr. Stafford-King-Harman, of Rockingham, Co. Roscommon, is the eldest son of Sir Thomas and Lady Stafford.

Photographs by Lafayette, Glasgow; James Bacon, and Lafayette.

A CHARMING FIGURE AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL.



WIFE OF THE FIFTH DUKE: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The present Duke of Sutherland succeeded to the title last year. In the year before that he married Lady Eileen Gwladys Butler, who is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. Her Grace was a train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation in 1911. She is one of the most beautiful women in Society. It will be recalled

that the Duchess of Sutherland, together with Lady Muriel Paget, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Robert Innes-Ker, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and the Editor of "The Sketch," saw to the distribution of the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball, and guarantee that everything was done without any favouritism whatever towards any guest.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A MORNING AT MURRAY'S: WHERE THE STAGE AND THE "NUTS" FOREGATHER AFTER THE PLAY.

Who is Murray's? The other morning I was in Regent Street, near Beak Street, at about three o'clock—What was I doing in Regent Street at about three o'clock? Really, that is my business; and besides, I gave an excellent explanation to Mrs. Monocle, which she swallowed without winking. To my surprise, I saw a line of taxis, a line as long as the CXIXth Psalm—what were they there for? Clubs far away; theatres, hotels, and restaurants closed; few private houses close to. Hearing a heavy footfall behind me, I said, "Please, Mr. Constable, what are the taxis there for?" "Murray's," was the brief answer. "What's Murray's?" I asked. "Go on," said he to me, and he said it in one word very impressively, so I went on, wondering by the way what establishment there might be christened after the famous Anglo-American grammarian (whose book and all others about grammar seem falling into desuetude—if one may judge by current speech and writing), or after the gloomy brother of Mary Queen of Scots, whose assassination is a thrilling story, or after the famous house of Byron's publishers. By a strange coincidence, our editor instructed me a day or two afterwards to go and do "Murray's," described by him as an ultra-fashionable supper and dancing club. I ventured to suggest that this hardly came under the head of dramatic criticism, to which he replied that it is the duty of a dramatic critic to study all aspects of life, and the more I knew about it the better. I might have crushed him by remarking that I had seen plenty of life when he was young enough to like Persian sherbet in powder form; but the wise man does not make crushing retorts to his editor—unless, of course, he has a better job up his sleeve. And so to Murray's—if I may adopt a phrase of dear old Pepys, who would have loved the place and its pretty women. I found the entrance guarded as jealously as that of a Sultan's harem; but, of course, the word "Sketch" was an "open Sesame." On the topic of the entrance, a word concerning the precautions taken to prevent strangers from getting in. Every member when elected gives a specimen of his or her signature, just as if opening a bank account, and has to sign at each visit a small sheet of paper; then the signature is compared with the one in the signature-book, and if it be correct he enters, retaining the scrap of paper. When he pays his bill he signs it, and hands in the scrap of paper for another comparison of signatures. Since there are more than two thousand members, you will guess that this gives some trouble; but owing to the cleverness of the system adopted, it works smoothly and quickly.

What is He— It was "the very witching time of night" when I entered what once was Blanchard's and now is Murray's, and descended the broad staircase leading to a large room where the nuts and lady nuts were supping, all

in fashionable costume. Awkward that there is no feminine for the word "nuts"—at least in English—and yet the lack is sound enough, for the nut is a peculiarly masculine creature, not a bit like his mate or particular complement. You may suggest that the "flapper" is a feminine nut, but really she is rather in the nature of a bird of prey—or shall I say squirrel?—and

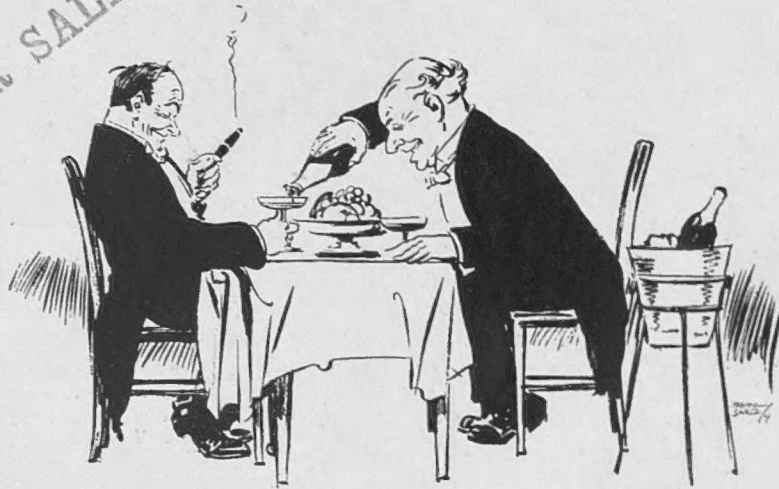
by no means nuciform. Moreover, nearly all the pretty ladies whom I saw at Murray's were a trifle beyond the flapper age, which I am told is about sweet seventeen. A long parallelogram with supper-tables on the south side, in the north-west corner a place for musicians, and along the north a prepared space for dancing. Of course, the band played when I entered. It consisted of four gentlemen, with sun-kissed complexions varying slightly in hue from *café-au-lait* to chestnut. A piano, banjo, drum, and weird noise-producers, perhaps provided by Signor Mari-netti. What energy and rich voices these fellows had, and what a joy and pride in their work, each man singing every

song as if it were going to be the last of his life and he did not mind if he broke his vocal chords or split his sound-box. There is another band, quite good in its way, a mere European affair, and the two work in turns, half-an-hour each, till five o'clock—at least, I am told so, three o'clock being my limit. What a crowd of supping people doing themselves jolly well, the clink of bottles and glasses and clatter of forks and knives making an accompaniment to the American music of the negroid quartet. For a considerable time nobody danced; suddenly a couple seized with fine frenzy started, and in little more time than it takes to make the statement the floor was flooded with two-steppers—high-steppers, some of them, but not too high.

That All Our Nuts Commend Him? And there was one thing that impressed me; we were all enjoying ourselves hugely and having a ripping good time, yet that famous phrase—I forget who used it—about the English amusing themselves *moult tristement* came to me: even on the historic occasion when "there was a sound of revelry by night" there can hardly have been a greater air of preoccupation than we exhibited. Why is it that our great and noble race has so little gift for getting outside itself when it revels, for becoming un-self-conscious? It may be that if I had not gone on Saturday night, when most of the stage is week-ending, we should have been a giddier throng, for the signature-book, with its wonderful collection of autographs, exhibits the fact that almost

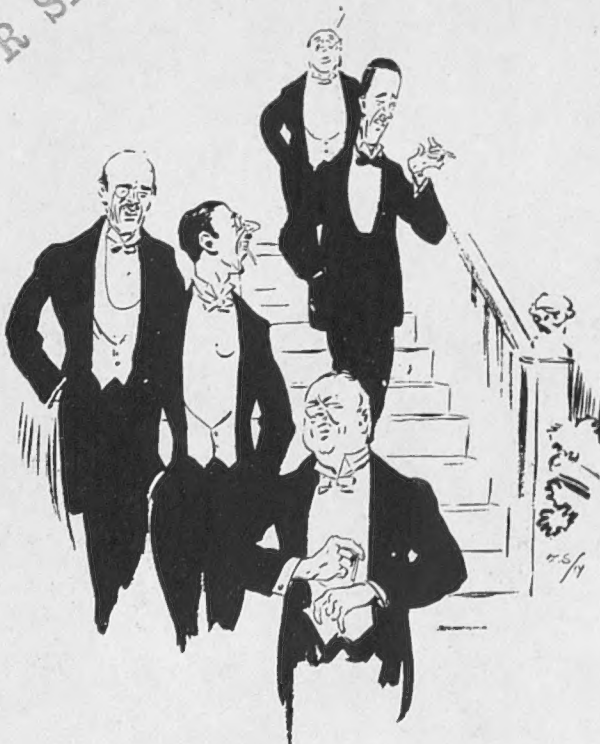
all the fascinating ladies who delight the world in revues and musical comedy, and the males too, are members of Murray's, without a glimpse through the guarded gates of which nobody's knowledge of our Metropolitan life can be deemed complete. I may add that any smart A-Murraycan in London in search of a resident compatriot had better inquire at the Beak Street establishment.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



MR. MANAGER MAY ENTERTAINS OUR UNTAMED ARTIST.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NUTS.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: A FAMOUS SUPPER CLUB.



MOST POPULAR WITH LATE-HOURS LONDONERS: AT MURRAY'S—SOME CARICATURES

Murray's, it seems superfluous to tell our readers, is a Supper Club which is very popular with a great many well-known people.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

FINALS OF THE "LADIES' PICTORIAL" GOLF TOURNAMENT.



1. MISS W. MARTIN SMITH SNAPSHOTTING OTHER PLAYERS.
2. ON THE NINTH TEE DURING ONE OF THE MATCHES.
3. MISS D. HARTILL, WINNER OF THE FIRST HANDICAP DIVISION (1 TO 12).
4. PRINCE ALBERT OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN PRESENTING MISS MURIEL DODD WITH THE CUP AFTER HER WIN IN THE SCRATCH DIVISION.

The final stages of that very popular fixture, the "Ladies' Pictorial" Golf Tournament, took place at Stoke Poges at the end of last week. In the Scratch Division, Miss G. Ravenscroft (England, North) beat Miss Cecil Leitch (England, South) in the semi-finals by 3 up and 2 to play; and Miss Muriel Dodd (England, South) beat Miss W. Martin Smith (England, South) by 3 and 1. In the final Miss

5. MISS LLOYD PRICE, WINNER OF THE SECOND HANDICAP DIVISION (13 TO 24).
6. MISS CECIL LEITCH PLAYING FROM THE BUNKER GUARDING THE SEVENTH GREEN.
7. MISS MURIEL DODD, WINNER OF THE SCRATCH DIVISION.
8. SPECTATORS FOLLOWING THE FINALISTS OF THE SCRATCH DIVISION

Dodd beat Miss Ravenscroft by 7 and 5. In the final of the First Handicap Division (1 to 12), Miss D. Hartill (Midlands) beat Miss M. Thompson (England, North) by 1 up. In the final of the Second Handicap Division (13 to 24) Miss Lloyd Price (Wales) beat Mrs. J. D. Dawson (Scotland, East) by 4 and 3. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein presented the prizes.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

CROWDED HOURS OF GLORIOUS LIFE!



HOW MANY OF YOUR OWN FRIENDS CAN YOU SEE? PEOPLE IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS
DURING THE THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY

The Theatrical Garden Party was held at the Botanic Gardens last week and was a very great success. Practically every well-known actor and actress now in town was present; and to see them were thousands of playgoers. The fortunes of that excellent charity, the Actors' Orphanage Fund, should be much augmented.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



LORD LONSDALE.

THE obvious thing to say of Lord Lonsdale is that he's a sportsman. In old days, before Carpentier and other foreigners interfered, it would have sufficed to say that he was an Englishman. He is one of the ancient Britons of whom the



AS SHOT: LORD LONSDALE.
 Photograph by Sport and General.

chroniclers were fond of writing that they could each and all lick three Frenchmen, four Spaniards, five Dutchmen, and a Portuguese.

Truth Will Out. Lord Lonsdale is so obviously a sportsman that he never seriously attempts to blink the fact. Even when he goes to a fancy-dress ball a disguise is out of the question. I have seen him dressed as an Elizabethan courtier, but wholly without avail. The doublet, hose, ruff, slashed sleeves, and feathered cap were all correct; but at the top of everything appeared Lord Lonsdale, the smile, and the side-whiskers. Only the other day he joined the throng at another fancy function, but nobody can ever mistake him for Pierrot or Parsifal. He appeared in the illustrated papers the next day standing in his box and dangling prizes into the stalls from the end of a fishing-rod.

"Mr. Shepherd." The only disguise that ever succeeded was when he pretended to be rather more of a thorough-going "sport" than he really is. Some years ago he invited a well-known breeder of greyhounds to Lowther for trials in the park. They got to work early in the morning, and Lord Lonsdale himself undertook the work of slipper. "Your Lordship looks as if you had been at this business before," said the professional, noticing the way in which the dogs were handled. "Have you ever heard of Mr. Shepherd?" asked Lord Lonsdale in reply. "Certainly I have; he's a well-known slipper in the South of England." "Well, I'm Mr. Shepherd when I go to Southern meetings," explained the Peer.

Stable-Talk. Lord Lonsdale is not in the habit of pretending. He stands as a foremost type of British sportsman partly because he has never troubled to be anything else. He has never got out of trim by pretending to be a politician, or a philanthropist, or a courtier, or a man of taste, or a letter-writer. He might write a leader for the *Sparring Times* with tolerable success, but only if the subject favoured him. His tribute to the memory of the late King was, I remember, couched in language that nobody would dream of calling literature. But it was said in the robust phrases of a bluff Englishman who meant every word of it, although his method of expression may have been somewhat blunt.

At the N.S.C. One of the secrets of his success with all classes of people lies in the fact that in all matters appertaining to sport he is "it." That is why he is the hero of all his grooms. Lord Lonsdale likes to perform for himself. He does not patronise the ring merely as an onlooker, but he helped to frame the rules of the National Sporting Club, and still helps to rule it, because he is himself a boxer. He has witnessed an enormous number of contests, but rather as a man who rests after having done his own work in the ring than as an habitual loafer. With the build and something of the manner of a fighting-man, he is readily distinguished in the crowd on a gala-night. There is enough

bulk under his shirt-front to make half-a-dozen of the judicious youths who sit on the wise side of the ropes.

Hard Knocks. He could, when great fighters trained and sparred under his own roof at Barley Thorpe, hold his own against the sturdiest professionals. In regular contests he has, he says, been knocked out three or four times, and has given the knock-out blow rather more often than he has received it. He knows, in other words, the meaning of hard hitting: most gentlemanly performers do not. A runner-up in this year's inter-'Varsity competition told me he had gone through two or three years of school and University boxing without ever learning what a real punch feels like—indeed, the amateur is seldom let into the secret unless he pays Carpentier or some equally obliging champion to knock him down.

The Real Thing. The peculiarity of Lord Lonsdale's sportsmanship lies in his ability for getting on to good terms with the real thing. Professionals are very chary of admitting gentlemen to their good-fellowship; and Lord Lonsdale is perhaps the only Peer who has been put on an equality with the tough nobility of the noble art, with the downright gentry of the stables, with farmers, with trainers and dog-breeders, and the men who do the actual work on the yachts of Emperors and merchants. His success with the Kaiser's *Meteor II* is well known, and the Kaiser and he are fast friends. He is a member of White's, the Turf, the R.Y.S., and, in recent years, of the Jockey Club; but he is a sportsman first and a clubman afterwards.

The Cigars. The obvious thing to say of Lord Lonsdale is that he's a sportsman. The cigar completes the picture: it is as familiar a feature of the town as Cleopatra's Needle or the Twopenny Tube. In smoking, as in all other things,



BRITISH SPORT PERSONIFIED: LORD LONSDALE.
 Photograph by Sport and General.

he is unusually robust, and indulges the American habit of lighting one weed from the butt-end of another. No matter where he may be, in the saddle or in the smoking-room, Lord Lonsdale is on the side of what is hard and strong.

BRITISH SPORT PERSONIFIED: THE MOST POPULAR PEER.



WITHOUT HIS "FUTURIST" CIGAR! LORD LONSDALE.

Lord Lonsdale, here seen without that three-foot-long "Futurist" cigar presented to him at a dinner the other night, is the fifth Earl, and may fairly be said to be not only British sport personified, but the most sportsmanlike and most popular of Peers.

He was born on Jan. 25, 1857, and succeeded to the title in 1882. He is much interested in the Territorial movement. In 1878, he married Lady Grace Cecilie Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntly.

(See "Great World.") Photograph by Langflier



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS. (Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THE woman's, like every other, movement has its share of amusing incidents, and none perhaps is more amusing than the way in which a group of women, greatly daring, decided that a good place for their club would be that sacred masculine thoroughfare, Piccadilly. And there they are in the Lyceum, overlooking the Green Park, charging a subscription which seems ridiculous when compared with what their neighbour clubs charge, and yet, I should imagine—for I must pretend to no exact knowledge—by no means making up for their small revenue under this head by great receipts from wine and spirits. Even though they may have taken kindly to less admirable poisons, the drugs of which one reads so much, women have never smiled on alcohol.

Personally, I get a little mixed up in my clubs. I haven't the type of mind which tells me where they all are. But someone told me that the previous tenants of 128, Piccadilly were the members of the Cavalry Club. If it wasn't the Cavalry, it was something equally dashing, equally masculine. Well, a man I know insisted years ago on taking me to tea at the Lyceum with his mother. We arrived at four to find a note to say that our hostess was delayed, and that we could come back at five or that we could make ourselves comfortable in the library. I, who in my youth had edited a woman's weekly—yes, a weekly devoted to the furtherance of the Cause—

fought shy of a library of books collected by a thousand women. Club libraries are dull places, even the best of them. But my friend insisted that we should wait. "They've three or four of the most interesting books in the world," he said. I looked at him and supposed that he was attracted by the kind of works which the Rockefeller Bureau of Social Hygiene has since issued and that he was too shy to get and read them under more legitimate conditions. Anyhow, I gave way. He should sit and turn over their pages with feverish curiosity behind the opened sheet of the *Daily Telegraph*; I would read the *Fortnightly*—if I could find it.

I did the young man an injustice. In the first place, the library hadn't any books in it at all—as far as I could at first see. Remember, it was years ago. I daresay that to-day the Lyceum has as good and as dull a collection of books as any other club. But at the time, soon after its start, one found its books with difficulty—three volumes of "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," bound beautifully in half-calf, as if they were Greek texts or volumes of theology. They stood by themselves in a book-case by the window, and my friend made a lee-line for them.

"I like to come up here"—my friend was speaking—"to cheer these little creatures up, and I like to come for a more selfish reason: it happens that these three books just cover the period when I used to go racing. I make excuses for waiting for my mother here so that I can read them. They remind me of all sorts

of crises and scrapes, and fierce pleasures and vices. I don't know the name of a horse that's running nowadays, but there isn't one of these pages in which I don't meet some old friend. Look here—Boxing Day at Kempton. I used to be a member. I went down that day, and a beast of a day it was. A hell of a cold north wind, and yet one was afraid of rain rather than snow. Someone connected with the stable had told me that Red Apricot was a certainty for the three-mile steeplechase. The papers thought so too. I had fifty pounds in my pocket, and had determined to have it all on the mare and to be satisfied with that one bet. If it came off—even at a short price—I'd have enough for a fortnight at Monte Carlo. It was the third race, and directly the numbers were up I went into the ring. I could get five to four. That means "—he explained for my benefit—"that I'd win sixty-five pounds. I waited a minute or two to see if the price didn't lengthen. Who was riding her? The papers had said Halsey would have the mount, but, almost accidentally, I looked at the board, and saw that the owner was to ride. Now I don't know why, but that made me pause. The mare belonged, as a matter of fact, to about as good an amateur rider as there was in those days; but something reminded me that it was Boxing Day and that three miles were three miles and that they wanted a deuce of a lot of riding. Boxing Day—the day after Christmas Day. I could see my owner giving way at dinner overnight. Just one glass to drink healths in, and then some more. And turkey and plum-pudding and cigars and punch. . . . Would he last over three miles? But a professional jockey couldn't afford to fill himself up right in the middle of his short season. He'd be pretty sure to resist temptation. The ideas fitted themselves together like a Chinese puzzle—and I got out my programme and determined to find something

to beat Red Apricot, who was now more than ever favourite. Evidently the stable didn't share my misgivings. I paused on the second favourite. There was no mistake about his jockey—Mason. There was a fairly good field and his price was five to one—and I took it: two hundred and fifty to fifty. And then I went up to the top of the stand to watch the race, a bit nervous, I can tell you, for fear that Red Apricot would win after all. Nothing makes you so sick as being stalled off and finding your first choice win when you've backed something else."

"Well, did she win?"

"It's all here," and he patted the leather-bound "Ruff." "She got off well enough, and led the

field to the last fence. Once past that and it would be all over bar shouting. My horse, Blaze, was second, but lengths away. I'd got my glasses glued on to Red Apricot. My one chance was that she'd fall at the jump. She didn't: she went over like a bird—but at the moment of landing her owner just rolled off—didn't fall off, rolled off. . . . Blaze won easily. I went round and saw them unsaddled. 'It wasn't the mare's fault, old chap,' I heard Red Apricot's owner tell one of his pals. 'It was mine: I just couldn't last out.'

"And now do you wonder I like to come in here and read 'Ruff'? It reminds me of a dozen things like that . . . and then I close my eyes and remember what I did with the money."



PHOTOGRAPHING TROOPS PARADING AT ALDERSHOT IN HONOUR OF HIS FATHER'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY: THE PRINCE OF WALES, MEMBER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

While the King's birthday was being celebrated in London by the Trooping of the Colour, the Prince of Wales was at Aldershot, as a member of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps. His Royal Highness was twenty on June 23.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



WITH PIPE AND JEST: THE PRINCE OF WALES AS MEMBER OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS, AT ALDERSHOT.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



VII.—TICKLING FOR DUGONG ON THE PLAINS OF OUDH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



PROBING THE "PERFIDIOUSNESS"—OUR PILGRIM BROTHERS. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I WOULD give much to be in Paris when the peaceful invaders brought to England as guests of the Federation of British Health and Holiday Resorts return to the Boulevards and to their admiring circle of friends. I would love to hear them relate the adventures, sights, and sensations they enjoyed in Albion—who ever said perfidious? That was in the bad, bold days before the Entente! It is now the amiable Albion. I would delight in guessing at geographical names such as Llanfairfechan, Lowestoft, Llandudno, Ffairfach, Gwersyllt, Abertysswg, Bettws-y-Coed, etc., as pronounced by French lips. I can imagine the gurgling and the sneezing and the strangling of syllables! Do I not remember my early struggles and surprises, and my pride at having mastered Aberystwyth, and successfully amputated Cholmondeley and Leicester? And even now that I am on pretty good speaking terms with my step-mother tongue, I can sympathise with my poor countrymen who will have on their return to make speeches about places which they have had hardly time to see, still less to spell!

The idea of this tour is to render the English beauty-spots as popular with French holiday-makers as the French pleasure resorts are with the English. And a very good idea it is too, if executed in a somewhat too precipitous manner. I saw the *itinéraire* and programme of the tour, and it made me giddy.

Beauty in such huge and rapid doses is harassing. In fact, too much beauty is unsatisfying—two roses in a crystal vase are better dispensers of pleasure than two dozen roses crowded in a bowl. One pretty girl in a cosy corner is a happier neighbourhood than a ball-room full of belles. And a kiss in time—no, it does not save nine—but if it is slow, sure, and deliberate, how much more enjoyable than nine between two doors, with footsteps coming from every direction—at least, I should imagine so!

I have an idea that only two people ever knew how to travel; and they are both dead—not of fatigue; I never knew of what! One was the serene Sterne, and the other Xavier de Maistre. For one realised and made us realise that almost impossible thing—a sentimental journey that was as delightful at the end as at the start; and the other could take us on a vastly interesting voyage around his world—within the four walls of his room.

They, the lazy, leisurely loiterers, would not have crammed a two months' journey in a week's tour, like neurotic New Yorkers doing Europe! To taste beauty to the full, one must not be plunged into it, nor gorged with it—but one must imbibe it religiously, as one sips a glass of Chartreuse or smells a lily. However, if your French visitors, after being rushed over

shaky on switchback legs and confused of thought, they will return to France with at least one clear conception. And that is how much maligned the English have been in the past, if one was to judge of that time by one's grandfather's clock. They will go back without having seen a single cock-fight, after having been received and entertained in the warmest possible manner by people who are quite the contrary of "cold," who are not all of them "red-haired," whose front-teeth are not two inches in length, and whose wives are not spinsterly-schoolmistressy-looking females afflicted with thick-soled boots and painful hats bandaged in green veils, but, on the contrary, smart and vivacious women in fashionable French frocks filled with healthy forms.

I have been following with a country-womanly interest the pilgrims' progress through this fair land. One account of the journey in the *Daily Telegraph* is rich in humour—whether simplist or cynical, it is hard to say in these Shavian times. Listen rather to the wild fun those French and Belgian pioneers had at Hythe.

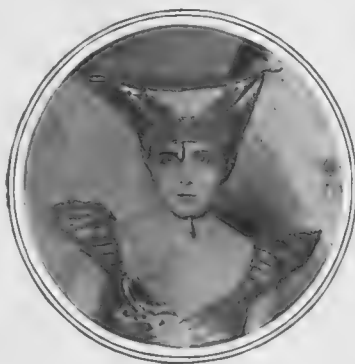
Of course, we partake of "five-o'clock tea." This to a delightful accompaniment—the music of the fifes and drums of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who had come from Shorncliffe specially for the delectation of the guests. A happy thought this, and the Frenchmen and their ladies are delighted.

They are charmed by the joyous music and vociferously applaud. And the appearance of the bandmen in their gold-faced uniforms and black

green plumed busbies evokes their admiration. Almost embarrassingly so. There is a lady of the party who is transported at the fine sight of the drum-major. "C'est magnifique!" she exclaims again and again, and the big Irishman blushes at her praises. But the next moment he is twirling his gilded stick in recovered composure and gives the signal for the music to recommence.

Methinks so much excitement is very bad for one at meal-times. For my part, I would prefer strawberries-and-cream to the discreet accompaniment of acolian harps hidden in the foliage to the robust and volcanic music of the Fusiliers; but did a spoilt tea justify the aforesaid lady for calling an honest and well-intentioned drum-major "It"? "C'est magnifique" means in good, if gushing, English, "It is magnificent." This "it," accompanied by a prolonged stare, is enough to upset the proud prestige of any Fusilier. A drum-major is a man for a' that, not a German child, nor a major-domo in a Turkish harem!

The impressions of the Continental tourists upon London, the pastel town, will make interesting reading, though they may not be of the same opinion as Signor Marinetti: "I enjoy a lot more," says he, "to cross the Strand between the motor-omnibuses and restless traffic than to walk in a lonely country lane." To the lover of danger the Strand appeals most. But this lottery with Fate will not have for Parisians the attraction of novelty.



AT THE GREAT JEWEL BALL GIVEN BY PRINCE AND PRINCESS JACQUES DE BROGLIE: MME. D'EICHTHAL.

Every guest represented a jewel, and the setting for these living gems was a reception-room arranged to represent the famous Blue Grotto of Capri. The majority of the jewels worn were real; and it is said that not a gown was worn which cost less than 10,000 francs without a single jewel.

Photograph by Manuel.



AT THE GREAT JEWEL BALL IN PARIS: THE COMTESSE GASTON DE MONTESQUIOU FEZENSAC.

Photograph by Manuel.



HOSTESS AT THE GREAT JEWEL BALL: PRINCESS JACQUES DE BROGLIE AND HER PEARLS.

Photograph by Manuel.

roads, after skipping over hill-tops, rolling down vales, and jumping over lakes, in countries with impossible names, and between banquets, bonfires, and gun-salutes—if they do feel somewhat

THE DOUCHE.



THE HOSTESS: How do you do, Professor? So glad to see you. You've been to Wasserundeisen, haven't you?
THE PROFESSOR: Yes; I took the baths there.
THE HOSTESS: Oh; that *must* have been a delightful change for you.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



SOME STORIES: GOLF YARNS.*

Some Golf Stories.

Golf stories are almost as plentiful as the fishy variety nowadays—and at least as believable. Witness this book by Mr. Gerald Batchelor, which has yarns almost innumerable and guaranteed to keep things going in the club-house for many a quarter of an hour. The quality varies, of course; but the appeal is certain. Here are a few plums picked at the hazard of the thumb.

Let us begin with verse—

Mary had a little ball,
It *did* annoy her so,

For everywhere that Mary meant
That ball declined to go.

And—

There was a jolly miller
Who didn't care a d—
He duffed and fluffed from
morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his
song
For ever used to be:
"I'll play with nobody, no,
not I,
For no one'll play with
me!"

After which may be
noted, under "Avoirdupois
Wait"—

24 stone make 1 fat man
2 fat men make 100 wait.

And Some More.

Then there is the tale of the foozler and the caddie. Said the first, after missing the ball three times: "Can you see what I'm doing, boy?" Said the second (enjoying himself thoroughly): "Yes, thank you, Sir." Follows a "fishy" one. "Last year, in Japan, I won a match, under rather peculiar circumstances," said Longbow. "There was a big sum at stake and I had a putt for the match on the last green. The ball stopped on the edge of the hole, and I was about to knock it in, when a violent earthquake threw us all to the ground. On getting up we found the ball in the hole!" "Your honour, Sir! After that who would doubt the truth of the yarn of the artful man and the caddie?" "The boy asked: 'Caddie, Sir?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'but I want a boy who can count, for I'm playing for the medal to-day. Can you add up, my boy?' 'Yessir.' 'Well, what's five and seven and four?' 'Twelve, Sir.' 'You'll do.'"

And Still More.

Returning to the 24, because they don't give more! "The short-sighted foozler stood watching from a distance while one of the groundsmen raked through a big bunker. 'Thank goodness,' he murmured, 'there's someone who plays nearly as badly as I do!'" In alliance—or should it be, in Entente Cordiale?—is that story about the Frenchman visiting England for the first time and taken to see a game of golf. "What do you think of it?" his host inquired, after showing him round.

'Magnifique!' cried the foreigner. 'But I think eet ces vair difficult.' 'I'm glad you realise that,' said the other. 'Those who have never played the game seldom appreciate its difficulties.' 'Ah, but I think eet shall be *vair* difficult,' the Frenchman repeated, 'to balance ze ball on zat so little heap of sand!'" Next, enter the Irishman, "'What *am* I doing?' roared the Hibernian late beginner, as he foozled his sixteenth successive tee-shot. 'Itting the ball on the top,' drawled the disinterested caddie. 'Why didn't you tell me that before?' demanded the sufferer. 'Tee the d—d thing *upside down*!'"

And More.

Now for the zealous new secretary, fresh to the vagaries of certain of the members. Looking up suddenly from his work, he saw two keen old duffers who were finishing an exciting match. Each putted three times, but neither succeeded in holing out. Mindful of instructions, the secretary threw open the window and called out, "Gentlemen, *please*! It is strictly forbidden to practise putting on the home green!" Add to this enthusiasm of another kind. "'I hear you spent your holiday in the Engadine, Captain Keene. Tell me, which peak impressed you most of all those noble masses of eternal snow?' 'Well, I forget its name, but it's that one which gives the line to the fourth hole.'" After that there is every excuse for a drink story. "'Excuse me, Sir,' said the club's 'buttons' to a thirsty visitor, 'are you a member of this club?' 'Why?' asked the stranger. 'Cos, if you're not, Sir,' said the boy, 'I'm not allowed to serve you with any *ex-citable* drinks!'"

With Many More to Come.

The caddie can't be kept out of it. Here he is again. "'How do I stand, caddie?' inquired an old duffer who had been putting very poorly. 'You've this for an improbable 'alf, Sir,'

was the reply." And the professional must come in. Who will not sympathise with the pro. in the case quoted? "One often wonders whether professionals are subject to fits of 'nerves' with the rest of us. When the question was put to the most modest of champions, he replied, 'I can remember one such occasion. While playing in a very important match I was greatly worried by a spectator—a lady, I regret to say—who kept close to me and talked in a high-pitched tone to her companion during the stroke. At last I could stand it no longer. I stopped in the act of addressing the ball, turned round, and looked at her. She proceeded to finish her sentence, then nodded towards me and said, "All right. You can go on now. *I've finished*."'" Which reminds us—but no; you must turn to the book, which you will enjoy mightily and will quote from, as we have been quoting, let us hope with due acknowledgments.



THE INVISIBLE NIGHTINGALE OF "LE ROSSIGNOL": MME. DOBROWOLSKA, OF THE RUSSIAN OPERA, AT DRURY LANE.

Mme. Dobrowolska is not seen during the presentation of "Le Rossignol," in which she is the Nightingale, but her beautiful voice is much in evidence. During the death scene she is stationed in the orchestra.

Photograph by Saul Bransburg.

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS.



THE PRIVATE VIEW!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



FIFINE AND THE PHILOSOPHER: A LOVE-STORY.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

"IS it fire, or burglars?" inquired the Philosopher, masking intense delight with an air of sublime indifference.

Fifine's retroussé nose ascended scornfully, as she sank into the chintz billows of a huge Chesterfield and stuck her toes on the fender.

"Neither!" she announced, *à la* heroines of melodrama at their worst. "It's far, far horrider than that—it's *me*!"

The Philosopher groaned. When the soothing and sacred interval between tea and dinner is rudely disturbed by an apparition with a retroussé nose, groaning is permitted by the rules of the game.

And when the apparition combines grammatical inaccuracy with a singularly disturbing personal appearance, groaning is not merely permissible—it becomes an absolute necessity.

So the Philosopher groaned. And Fifine, drumming her toes on the fender, regarded him solemnly with two periwinkle blue eyes, set in a face that was like some exquisite little flower—dainty and fresh and fascinating. . . . Perhaps you can picture the devastating effect of Fifine—even on Philosophers?

As a matter of fact, he was rather a misfit in Philosophers. Strictly speaking, he shouldn't have been a philosopher at all. Though he possessed unlimited philosophy, for the benefit of his friends—who were not slow to profit by it, believe me—he was totally unable to apply it to himself.

It is true that personal philosophy had not been an active necessity during a peculiarly care-free existence. Still, there comes a day, you know—and for him that day had dawned; to reveal a Philosopher sadly lacking in Philosophy, when he needed it most.

Fifine's entrance into his life had marked the fatal day.

His friendship with her had been short, sweet, and disturbing. Many people found friendship with Fifine disturbing. Several had been heard to express their conviction that young ladies with periwinkle-blue eyes and retroussé noses should not be allowed to roam at large, disturbing the peace and contentment of humanity—in the plural!

That fact apart, Fifine continued her devastating pilgrimage; and her roaming had landed her on a Chesterfield, full of possibilities, opposite that red-morocco-leather arm-chair wherein the Philosopher dreamed dreams.

"So it's neither fire nor thieves—but just you?" he remarked, to hop back a thought or so. "And what is the matter now?"

Fifine's elbow prodded a cushion spitefully.

"I've come all this way—miles, and after a tea-party too—on purpose to tell you," she complained.

"I'm listening," the Philosopher told her.

"Are you? Oh—well, this is it. I'm engaged!"

With an air of childish candour, Fifine delivered her bomb-shell; then sat very still, awaiting developments.

The Philosopher crossed his long left leg over his long right leg, caressed his well-done hair and destroyed an Egyptian cigarette, before he spoke. Of these feats, please understand, Fifine saw nothing.

"Engaged?" he echoed. "Dear me, this is very sudden. I—I congratulate you—don't I?"

"I don't know. . . . You have, anyhow."

"Yes. . . . And why have you come to see me about this epoch-making matter? Is it quite—kind, Fifine?"

If she heard, she heeded not.

"I've come, because I wanted to tell you the good news, before other people," she said, with suspicious gaiety. "And because I want to ask your advice. It isn't as simple or as straightforward as it sounds. There are difficulties. Budge dear—" the Philosopher's

name was Raymond Cayley—"you must help me! You see, I'm engaged to—"

He raised an anguished voice. "Please! One minute, little leap-frog. Why come to *me* for advice, my child?"

Fifine paused. Fifine caught her red lower lip between small, white teeth, and stole a sidelong glance at her questioner.

"Is it because I am a middle-aged man?"

Silence.

"I take it a man of thirty-seven is middle-aged, to a girl of twenty-two?"

Vigorous negation, by a flower-like head.

"Don't be tiresome!" scolded Fifine; "you talk as though you are a hundred-and-one and a-half. Budge, *will* you listen?"

"If I can. It is difficult, when you wear that remarkably attractive hat. However—yes?"

She frowned, because she felt she ought to; she smiled, because she couldn't help herself. "Now, I'll tell you—and don't interrupt. It's happened just at the right time—my engagement, I mean. I want to get away from home—and this helps me. But—it means going to Canada!"

"Merciful Heavens!" murmured the Philosopher.

"I beg your pardon? I said 'Canada.' Didn't I speak plainly? . . . Budge, you've been there—and you've got to tell me all about it. Shall I like it? Shall I be happy. Shall I—"

The Philosopher arose. "One moment," he implored her. "One step at a time, if you don't mind. Will you like it? Well, that depends on many things—the way you intend to live, for example."

Fifine nodded. "Umphs! I guessed as much. . . . Budge dear, I—er—that is, *we* shan't have much money—enough, you know, but not too much. Then we shall be travelling quite a lot—sometimes we shall be in large towns for several days—p'raps weeks. Then we shall go to a new town every day—and sleep in the train each night."

She looked up at him as he stood in front of the fire, then hastily lowered her eyes. He cleared his throat.

"What an odd profession! Forgive me for saying so, since it concerns you," he remarked.

She laughed. "It is; but it's rather jolly, all the same—such a roving, uncertain life. Is it very cold in the winter? And can I live on £12 a week?"

His eyes lingered on the dainty, well-dressed little figure on the sofa, on the expensively shod, silk-stockinged feet decorating the fender, and a wry smile twisted his lips.

"If you are travelling at the rate you have suggested," was his pronouncement, "I should say, decidedly—no!"

"Oh!" gasped Fifine. "Oh, but I *must*—*we* must! That's all there will be."

His shoulders ascended, helplessly.

"There's such a thing as managing," he said. "Remember, Canada's very cold in the winter, and things are dearer than in England. But"—something seemed to catch in his throat—"but if you're happy, child, you won't mind hardships. . . . I'm sorry it's so far away. A helping hand, however willing, can't stretch across the Atlantic in a minute. Still, boats leave twice a week, don't forget."

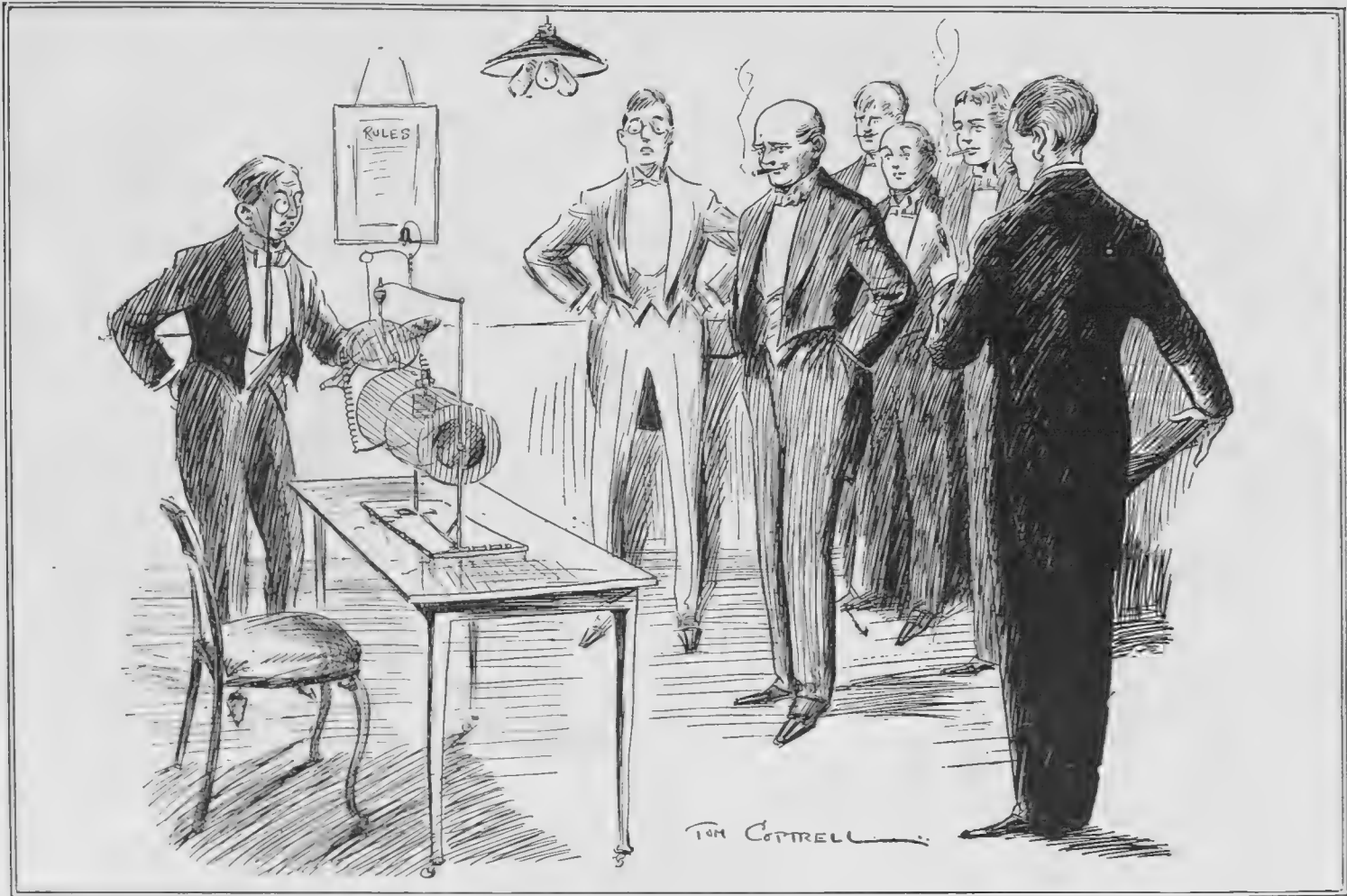
Fifine tugged at her glove till she extracted a minute square of crêpe-de-chine. This she applied to her eyes, with energy.

"If you are going to make me cry," she murmured, "I shall wish I hadn't come."

"Forgive me!" cried the Philosopher. "Only it's rather a shock to find that you're engaged—and going to Canada—all in one

[Continued overleaf,

FISH ; WITH PEACH TO FOLLOW.



CLARENCE: I say, you fellows. I've done for the rod and all that. This is my own invention. A sort of trap. You put it in the water. Fish goes inside to look at itself in the glass; hits the square of tin, which causes the float to dip; you release the spring — and there you are!

DRAWN BY TOM COTIRELL.



THE STAGE-MANAGER: Oh, Miss Flunkinson, the costumes have all arrived. You might hurry up and get dressed.

DRESSED!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

short afternoon. I—it will seem odd without you. We've been such—friends."

Fifine sniffed delicately. "That's just it!" she whispered, in rebellious tones.

"What did you say?" inquired Budge.

"Nothing . . . I want an answer to my second question—shall I be happy in Canada?"

This query was agonising. Two broad shoulders sought the moral and physical support of the mantelpiece, before he attempted to grapple with the question.

"Will you be happy?" he mused, almost to himself. "Fifine—Fifine—how can I possibly answer such a question! Don't you know?"

"No. . . . Don't you?"

"No. At least, as I judge happiness, it lies in one's own hands, to make or mar—to have or to lose. Happiness, Fifine, means life spent with somebody who is 'the' only person in the world. . . . If you are going to Canada with the man you love, then—then—I'm sure you'll be happy, *very* happy."

He stopped, because his voice didn't seem able to say things in the usual way. He wanted to say so much—but he was a middle-aged Philosopher, and she was Fifine—a fairy, just twenty-two. And she was going to Canada to be happy with the man she loved. . . .

"If I'm going with the man I love—" she repeated—"then I'm bound to be happy?"

"Yes." A dull, toneless monosyllable.

"Oh! How dreadful! That's what makes it so difficult. You, see, Budge, I'm *not* going with the man I love. . . . I'm leaving him behind me."

This time the silence was dramatic. Fifine stared studiously at her shoe-buckles. The Philosopher dug eight finger-nails into two long-suffering palms.

"I don't quite understand," he said weakly, at length. "You have just told me you are engaged to—"

"Yes!" cried Fifine. "But that's *all* I told you! You wouldn't let me finish the sentence. I'm engaged to—tour with a theatrical company in Canada, for six months! There!"

"Engaged—to—tour—? Not engaged to be married?" He stooped down and laid a firm hand on her shoulder.

"Fifine," he demanded, "what does this rigmarole mean? I thought you said you were engaged to be married—and—"

The sound that left her lips was something between a laugh and a sob.

"I know!" she confessed, "you see, that's what I meant you to think!"

He was frankly startled. "Why, please? It wasn't quite kind to give me a shock of that sort, simply to gratify your passion for practical joking."

She dealt severely with the crêpe-de-chine handkerchief. "I didn't realise that—twenty minutes ago," she admitted. "But I wanted to find out something—hence the 'practical joke,' as you call it."

"I should like to know a little more," pleaded the Philosopher. "May I be enlightened?"

Fifine was doubtful. "Enlightenment is bad for the soul," she told him. "However—Budge, my friend, you are a slow-coach. Because I've lived on this planet a few years less than yourself you are convinced that I regard you as an old fogey. And I *don't*! . . . I've grown tired of refusing to marry other men, while I wait for you to say a few words that would make me happy—for ever. My family is getting tired, too. They call me the 'sticker!'—and no nice girl likes to be called a sticker."

He would have interrupted, with burning words; but she stopped him.

"Please! Wait one minute—I know a manager who is taking a touring company to Canada! He offered to take me, and I said I'd go—unless another engagement turned up in the meantime. Things are so impossible at home that I *must* go away—somehow! So, as it's all your fault. . . . I came to tell you about it; and to find out, if I could, whether another—er—engagement was likely to keep me in England. Incidentally, I wanted to discover if you possessed a heart or not. . . . I've found out. And now, what are you going to say?"

Two periwinkle eyes, two trembling red lips, and a retroussé nose were dangerously near the Philosopher's face. He shortened the distance; then he spoke.

"I love you!" said the Philosopher. "Fifine—I love you!"

"Thank you," said Fifine solemnly. "So I needn't go to Canada, after all!"

THE END.



AN OBJECT-LESSON?

PAPA: Come with me, you young scoundrel. I'll show you the proper way to treat your sister.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



ON THE LINKS

VARDON'S SIXTH VICTORY: THE BIG THREE: A NEW PUTTER.

Vardon's Sixth. Harry Vardon certainly deserved his sixth championship, and a large number of people will hold, and with some good reason, that if the splendid equality that the triumvirate achieved last year—when Taylor, by winning at Hoylake, brought the number of successes gained by the Big Three up to five all—had to be disturbed, it were almost better done by Vardon than any other. But although he was indicated by the fine form that he displayed in the early stages of the proceedings in Ayrshire as the most likely winner, and played a fine game throughout, he had very largely the bad luck that happened to Taylor to thank for his victory. Perhaps never in the history of the championship, and certainly never in such extraordinary circumstances, with his most formidable rival looking on, has such a piece of shockingly evil fortune happened to a man who had looked like winning as to Taylor on this occasion. Of all the recognised rivers of golf, the Pon Burn at Prestwick and the Swilcan Burn at St. Andrews have earned greater reputations than any others, but the former has created fewer historic incidents than the one in Fifeshire, although it has brought disaster to various eminent personages in pursuit of championships. It will never be forgotten, however, how it played its part in bringing about the overthrow of Taylor this year just when he seemed well on his way to making himself champion for the sixth time. The fourth hole, at which it comes in most prominently, and where this tragedy occurred, is far better than it looks; and it is one of those that the rubber-cored ball, with all its length-giving properties, has not made any easier. A bend of the burn just insinuates itself into the line of play, and makes a good, but not in these days a very difficult, carry, provided the ball is kept straight. But it is in this latter condition, and in the desire of length that is always associated with it on these occasions, that the danger lies, for the slightest touch of slice is fatal. At no other hole is the penalty for this fault more certain or more drastic. In the old days of the gutty it was different, because then the players could not make the carry that they now seek (only Douglas Rolland ever did it, so they say), and played away on a safe line to the left.

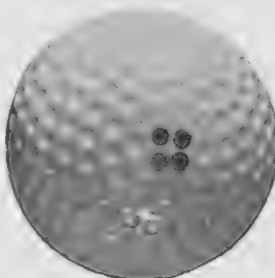
The Triumvirate Again.

But what a wonderful thing it is to find the old triumvirate, the very Big Three, still going on and on, and Prestwick was surprising in its revelation of their continued capacity. The day of the younger generation which has been so long prophesied will not be yet, while these old giants of the game can show their powers undiminished as

they did this time. The most wonderful thing of all happened in the first round, when these went, the whole three of them, to the top of the list—Vardon, Braid, and Taylor. This preliminary demonstration of force must have been a shock to that younger generation. And at the finish there were two of them in the first two places, as there have been many times before. Time and years must begin to tell their tale in the end; but really one must cease, after the experience of this year, to talk of the old firm giving way, as we have been doing more or less every year since James Braid won at Muirfield in 1906, in which year they filled the first three places. In the eight years that have elapsed since then only twice have what we may call outsiders taken the premier honours, Massy providing one of these exceptions and Ray the other. The Big Three started their business with Taylor's first championship at Sandwich in 1894, and since then only five times have such outsiders gained the gold medal, Jack White, Herd, and Mr. Hilton being the three others than those two who have been named. It is an amazing record.

A New Putter.

After this last championship had got well started it was realised that the chief question affecting Vardon's prospects was whether his putting would hold out. As it happened, it did, and he seems now to be putting in a fairly steady way, though he is stabbing the ball at least as badly as ever, and this gives one little confidence in the permanence of his improvement. This new putter of his was the result of a great inspiration; just as was the putter with which he won his first championship at Muirfield in 1896. He was in his shop the other week when he took up carelessly one of a batch of new putting cleeks that had just come in from the makers and were intended for a foreign country. It suddenly occurred to him that the feel and the balance of the club suited him splendidly, and that, in short, it was the very putter for him in the important work that was coming on. And so but for that accident it might possibly be that Vardon would not have the unique distinction of being champion for the sixth time now. He has now won the championship three times at Prestwick, twice at Sandwich, which is still his favourite course, as it has always been; and once at Muirfield. He has never scored either at St. Andrews or Hoylake. He said lately that he considers his game to be four strokes in the round inferior to what it used to be about the beginning of this century, and he argues plausibly in this matter; but yet those who saw him at Prestwick this time find it difficult to believe how such things can be.—HENRY LEACH.



THREE DOZEN OF THESE WERE GIVEN TO A LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: THE WOOD MILNE "WHITE CHIEF" GOLF BALL.

Among the gifts for guests, under the "Sketch" scheme, were three dozen of these golf balls, given by Messrs. Wood Milne and Co. of Manchester Avenue, E.C.



THREE DOZEN OF THESE WERE GIVEN TO A LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: THE R. AND A. CHALLENGER GOLF BALL.

Among the gifts for guests, under the "Sketch" scheme, were three dozen of these golf balls, given by Messrs. J. P. Cochrane and Co., of 60, Aldermanbury.



ODD-LOOKING, BUT EFFICIENT: A NEW PUTTER.

M. Garcia, of the Chantilly Golf Club, is the inventor of this putter. The inclination of those who saw it first was to laugh at it; but its efficiency has been proved. Garcia is seen (on the left) showing clubs to Mr. Francis Ouimet.

Photograph by Albert Wyndham.



REVUE AT THE OXFORD : DANCING AT THE COLISEUM : FUN AT THE PAVILION.

A NEW French musical burlesque was produced last week at the Oxford which actually presents a little story which begins at the inception of the piece and duly terminates upon the going-down of the curtain. Hence it cannot be classed as a revue,

though, truth to tell, the difference is one which would not be recognised by the non-observant. The book, the lyrics, and the production are alike the work of Mr. Leslie Stiles, and the music comes from the well-tried pen of Mr. Edward Jones. Under the title of "Mam'selle Champagne," it tells of the marriage of M. Gaston de Montez, a wealthy young Parisian, to a lady whom he has only seen a few times before the ceremony, and who immediately proceeds to lock herself in her room. This course she pursues owing to the existence of Mam'selle Champagne, whose real name is Suzette, and who has been on too friendly terms with the eliminated bridegroom. So far as the piece is concerned, its plot simply tells of the bride sallying forth from her seclusion, meeting her husband while masked, of the two falling in love, of the party meeting, and of the bride removing her mask, and of all ending happily. But Mr. Leslie Stiles has treated

the whole of this little theme in an extremely workmanlike way. He plays the part of De Montez himself, and plays it very well, singing the songs which he has allotted to himself with fine robustness. Then, by permission of Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Mark Lester appears as Johnny Bull, a roving English tourist who falls in love with great regularity and avidity, and also sings his songs in a manner distinctly audible to the house, and manages to make it laugh at his sense of fun. Of the ladies assisting, Miss Mabs Cecil does well; and Mlle. Bertie Adams, as Mlle. Champagne, is everything that could be desired. Mr. Edward Jones has composed some very tuneful light music, which the company sings to the satisfaction of the audiences at the Oxford; and, altogether, all are to be congratulated upon the production of a very bright and lively little piece of entertainment.

At the Coliseum. This house deserves well of the public for the way in which it succeeds in keeping its programme interesting and varied. Looking in there one afternoon last week, I found a full house thoroughly enjoying the medley of turns which was set before it. And truly the programme was enticing enough to secure a large audience. There was Mlle. Ratmirova, from St. Petersburg, singing quite charmingly; and there was Mr. George Robey, as weirdly attractive as ever. There was the Okabe family of Japanese acrobats doing surprisingly agile feats with astonishing accuracy; and there was Mr. George Graves keeping the house and his company convulsed

with laughter by his inimitable patter. But there was also Miss Lydia Kyasht in an extract from "Javotte," by Saint-Saëns, which was the tit-bit of the afternoon. This ballet Miss Kyasht has arranged from the original, and she has done it very well. It tells of a girl who is left behind by her parents on the way to village festivities, who solaces herself for her seclusion by dancing a lonesome dance till there enters by the window her young man, who proceeds to dance with her until they are interrupted by the return of her parents, when they both disappear by the window through which the young man has arrived. All this is delightfully portrayed by Miss Kyasht and Mr. Serge Litavkin, who assists her. Of Miss Kyasht we all hold very pleasant memories. She occupied a prominent place in the affection of lovers of good dancing during her tenure of first place at the Empire in succession to Mlle. Genée, and it is delightful to see her once more executing her dances with all her old skill and grace. M. Litavkin affords her excellent support, and her reappearance may safely be said to be a joy to her beholders.

A Golfing Turn. There is one person on the music-hall stage who can only be described as ubiquitous. His name is Harry Tate, and week after week a reading of the advertisements of the halls makes one almost dizzy by the fact of his omnipresence. For a long time he was at the Hippodrome, introducing his golfing sketch with the greatest success into the revue, and at the same time appearing at a hall. Now he is regularly to be seen at two places of entertainment on the same evening, and raising at each shrieks of laughter. Last week he appeared at the London Pavilion and another hall, and showed that his powers of attraction have not waned in the least. His old sketches representing the delights and the drawbacks of motoring and of fishing still remain in the mind, but his golfing experiences bid fair to put them to shame. He is really an irresistibly mirth-provoking person, and he possesses the gift of instilling the power of laughter-making into his assistants. In his motoring sketch the person who enacted his driver evoked much merriment, and in his golfing sketch he is aided by a small caddie who does exactly the same. With the help of these assistants, Mr. Harry Tate manages to keep the fun fast and furious. His efforts to hit the ball become more and more ineffective, and the presence of a piece of paper affords him endless annoyance, until, after an assault upon his caddie's hat contemporaneous with an attack upon his own headgear by the small boy, the turn ends in hopeless confusion. It is all vastly mirth-provoking, and Mr. Tate may rely upon it for a long time yet to amuse the British public.



MAKING VERY SUCCESSFUL APPEARANCES AT THE VAUDEVILLE AS ETHEL IN MR. H. V. ESMOND'S "THE DANGEROUS AGE": MISS ESTELLE DESPA.

Photograph by Bassano.



APPEARING DURING A COVENT GARDEN GRAND OPERA SEASON FOR THE FIRST TIME: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED TO SING CHERUBINO IN "NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Photograph by Illus. Bureau.



MAKER OF A VERY CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS AT THE LONDON COLISEUM RECENTLY: MME. DONALDA, THE WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN OPERA-SINGER (WITH DOGS!). Mlle. Donaldda needs no introduction to "Sketch" readers; for a great many of them must have heard her with delight, especially in Grand Opera.

by the small boy, the turn ends in hopeless confusion. It is all vastly mirth-provoking, and Mr. Tate may rely upon it for a long time yet to amuse the British public.

ROVER.



THE ALPINE TRIAL : A SUPERLATIVE CAR : POLICE TRAPS AGAIN.

The Rolls-Royce Triumphs in Austria.

The particulars respecting the progress of the great Alpine Trial which concluded on Tuesday, 23rd inst., have been sparse and very slow in coming to hand. From the brief report which reaches me as I write, it would appear that the honours full and overflowing have fallen upon the grand Rolls-Royce car driven by Mr. Radley. With the exception of one day when he went no less than 59 miles out of his way, the great Derby-built car finished always first, covering the 1818 miles of fearfully strenuous and trying roads without a single involuntary stop. Truly a marvellous performance, the gilding of refined gold and the painting of the lily, if the Rolls-Royce ever required such super-praise. The success of this car in so searching a trial endorses the Rolls-Royce policy, which, from the earliest days, has been to spare no time, money, or endeavour still further to perfect what already looked like perfection and to better what was to all intents and purposes the bettermost. Super-refined as the Rolls-Royce mechanism has long been known to be, there would always appear to have been possible to the great designer just a little more, and yet how much; just a little farther, and yet how far!

British Bad Luck. The other English cars concerned, though they were not victors in the fray, would appear to have been not without honour. That demon of ill-luck which seems to follow the fortunes of the Vauxhall with devilish pertinacity was not absent in this great trial. The Vauxhall actually made non-stop runs on every day but one, and when we come to learn



WITH ITS OWNER, LORD HARDWICKE, AT THE WHEEL: A 1914 MODEL HUMBERETTE.

Lord Hardwicke is the eighth Earl, and, for a while, was a Lieutenant in the Army Motor Reserve.

the reason for that single failure, it will, I am sure, prove to be some exasperatingly petty thing, which only the Vauxhall luck would provoke. The Armstrong-Whitworth did equally well so far as non-stops were concerned, but on the very last day, when running over the measured speed distance, a piston thought it well to fail and so spoil a clean card. The necessity for refilling with petrol in a heavy downpour wrought woe to the Austin when within hail of the goal, for water in petrol is a very deadly thing. A car which is held in great favour in this country—to wit, a F.I.A.T., driven by Schoenfeld—was second; and a Hotchkiss—also a favourite here, and driven by a plucky young Englishman, Mr. Ainsworth—was third.

The Sheffield-Simplex Superlative.

There are days—not many, forsooth, but they occur here and there and from time to time—that I am perforce obliged to star red in my calendar. The last to be so distinguished dates only a few days back, when it was my exceeding good fortune to take and make a most enjoyable and ever-to-be-remembered trip on a Sheffield-Simplex, the super-superlatively satisfying car. Motoring on a Sheffield-Simplex comes as near the perfection of motoring as we may hope for in this imperfect world. Two, or it may be almost three, years ago the word went forth that all that money, thought,

brains, skill, and infinite virtue of taking ineffable pains could effect was to be devoted to the production of the new Sheffield-Simplex car. And I do not think that anyone who drives or rides on a

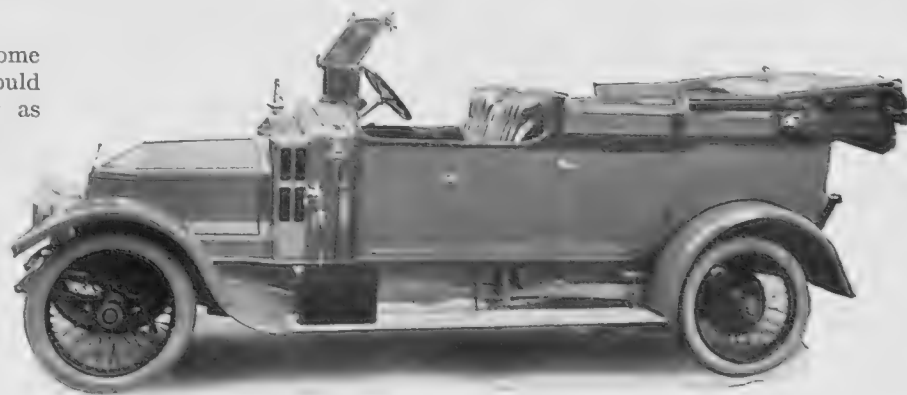


IN KIRKBY LONSDALE MARKET-PLACE: A 16-20-H.P. WOLSELEY.

Sheffield-Simplex to-day can say that the promised effort has not achieved its end. Anything more lifelike, more responsive, anything sweeter and quieter, I have never handled. But for the want of pence that vexes me as well as public men, I would own a Sheffield-Simplex to-morrow. Everything has had the closest consideration of the engineer, who is also a perfect driver, and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To Your Tents, O Israel!

When shall we, as motorists, rise up in a body against the sneaking, un-English practice of police trapping? For some time past it has looked as if the villainous method were dying out, but it has only "fallen back to jump better," and in parts of the country to-day it flourishes like a red pestilence. Godalming is once more distinguishing itself in this nefarious practice—not the Godalming people, be it known, but the police, egged on by a motorphobist section of those in authority over that unhappy town. The only weapon in the hands of the motorist to combat this persecution is rigidly to eschew the districts where it is carried on, and the retaliation so evoked recoils, most unfortunately, upon those who are strongest in its condemnation—the helpless traders who pay the rates. If the police would only place their traps where they could lay their hands upon the prone, cigarette-chewing, motoring "nut," the unconscionable creature that outrages the decencies of the road upon



JUST SUPPLIED TO DON JULIO BITTENCOURT: A LUXURIOUS DOUBLE CABRIOLET BY THE CONNAUGHT MOTOR AND CARRIAGE COMPANY.

It will be recalled that Don Julio Bittencourt's elder daughter, Mlle. de Bittencourt, is engaged to Lord Lisburne, and will marry him on July 16.

every occasion, the force would have the respectable majority of the motoring community with them all along the line; but as they work at present, it is, in nine cases out of ten, the considerate, law-respecting driver that is laid by the heels and inordinately fined.



SELLING ALEXANDRA ROSES :
LADY GARVAGH IN PICCA-
DILLY.

Lady Garvagh was known before her marriage, which took place in 1877, as Florence Alice, daughter of Baron Joseph de Bretton, of Copenhagen.

Photograph by Record Press.

face of the Lords over the Parliament Bill, and was hissed at the Carlton in consequence. He rather liked it!



WIFE OF THE NEW BARONET WHO IS GIVING
US THE RUSSIAN BALLET AND OPERA, - AT
DRURY LANE: LADY BEECHAM.

Lady Beecham, wife of Sir Joseph Beecham, now a Baronet, was Josephine, daughter of William Burne, and was married in 1873. Sir Joseph's heir is his son, Mr. Thomas Beecham, who, under his father's auspices, has done so much as musical conductor, composer, and presenter.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

THEIR Majesties' visit to the somewhat gloomy centres of industrialism brought them into touch with a strange medley of men and things. It would be impossible to name three Peers who have about them less suggestion of smoky factories and lace than the Duke of Portland, Lord Middleton, and Lord Galway. The King has long known them as devoted sportsmen, and often met them on the moors. It happens, oddly enough, that they are a good deal more than sportsmen in the ordinary sense of the word. They are all-the-year-round specialists who look after their stables and hounds in and out of season. The horsey man is common enough, but it would be impossible to name another such trio of thorough-going horse-and-dog men as the King's three Nottinghamshire friends.

The Gay Lord Galway.

Lady Middleton is hardly less renowned in sport than her husband. She has written a book on deer-stalking to which even Lord Middleton is said to go for instruction and amusement. Lord Galway, too, is an authority in every field; and whether he turns up before his Majesty as the representative of a City Corporation, or makes a speech at Westminster, he can hardly disguise his true character—that of a hard-riding Master of Hounds. In the House of Commons he was known as the stormy petrel, and lived up to his reputation when he flew in the

The Royal Box.

The Royal Box for the first of the "Legend of Joseph" performances was filled, but not by royalty. There is always a shade of doubt as to the attitude of the Court towards bizarre renderings of Biblical subjects, but Sir Joseph Beecham was reassured the other night by a story of Queen Alexandra's interest in Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delila." This opera was banned in England for thirty years, but at last was passed by the Censor in deference to the wishes of the Queen. Such, at least, is the musician's own account of the incident; but it must be confessed that it has the sound of an anecdote somewhat distorted in the telling by a man with an imperfect knowledge of English or of English ways and means. It would be decidedly unusual for Royalty to intercede actively.

The Old Rose. Queen Alexandra's rose is an old love. In a "Book of Confessions" drawn up some thirty or more years ago, she enters as "My Favourite Flower: Rose." On the same page she confesses to "blue" as her favourite colour, "Wellington" her hero, "charity" her favourite virtue, "reading aloud" her favourite occupation, "driving my ponies" her favourite amusement; of chief dislikes she has none. Most characteristic of all the entries is this last: "My chief ambition—Not to be fast."

Sir Alfred's Preference.

Sir Alfred Mond was right. Against all expectation, he did not figure in the Honours List. Nobody quite believed him when he said he would not get a peerage, but, somewhat naturally, he proved to be the best authority on the subject. His speech in the House of Commons last week was about the liveliest he has ever made; it showed that his preference is for the energetic atmosphere of the Lower Chamber. "I'm going to stay here," he said the other day; "I'm not going to be sent to bed."

Curtain Rings.

The thing that decided Sir Alfred against a title befell in the nick of time. Miss Mond's engagement to Lord Reading's son secures her a prefix to her name.



THE NEW PREMIER BARON OF SCOTLAND AND HIS WIFE :
LORD AND LADY FORBES.

The new Baron Forbes, of a creation dating from 1424, is the brother of the late Baron, and succeeded a few days ago. He was born on Feb. 15, 1841, and, in 1876, married Margaret Alice, daughter of Sir William Hanmer Dick-Cunyngham, Bt. He has one son and one daughter.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



SOCIETY "FLOWER-GIRLS" AT THE RITZ: THE COUNTESS OF WILTON; THE HON. GEORGINA SOMERSET AND THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS OF LORD RAGLAN; LADY RAGLAN; AND MISS FAITH SKINNER AS SELLERS OF ALEXANDRA ROSES.

Photograph by Record Press.

For pretty Miss Mond to have remained plain "Miss Mond" despite her father's powers would have been absurd in a generation that seeks its honours chiefly on behalf of its young people. Miss Mond, by the way, does not give her countenance to the melancholy view of her engagement taken by many of her friends. "Oh, what a pity," people say, "in her first season!"—as if marriage rang the curtain down on girlish pleasures.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Psychology of Henley.

There is nothing, when the heavens are propitious—or, for the matter of that, when they aren't—so thoroughly and typically English as Henley Regatta. It displays the peculiar qualities of these islanders in a way that no other festal function does. It is more profoundly British than the Derby. Horse-racing is an exotic thing, probably copied from the chariot races during the Roman occupation. But we have always been an amphibious people, never so happy as when paddling in dug-outs or coasting this island in some frail coracle. The punt is one of the most primitive vessels which ever ventured on the face of the waters, and one fancies some prehistoric youth gently propelling his inamorata about the reedy Thames just as the youth of to-day (or, more generally, the girl) show their skill with the punt-pole. At Henley, and on the Sundays contingent thereto, manners relax, the Englishman sheds his reserve with his high collar, the Young Person in *sainte mousseline* is anything but saintly—in short, we have our Youth and Beauty enjoying themselves with untrammelled ease. And if—as will happen in July—the skies are angry and shed abundant tears, well, the Englishman shows his courage and optimism by being as cheery, under dripping clouds, as if the day were radiant. He loses not a jot of interest in the various “events,” and will cheer his favourite crew with unabated vigour, though his macintosh is soaked and his feet are in a pool of water. Sport is certainly the first feature at Henley,

of the last to entertain on a lavish scale—to wipe out, as it were, by a brilliant blaze of social fireworks all similar pyrotechnic displays by friends and rivals. They intend, in short, to have the “star turn,” as it is called at the music-halls, and bring entertaining to a close while they are in the limelight. It is not a bad idea, but not one that hostesses who are very young or only just beginning should try. For she who lights tapers and hangs up festal garlands in late April or early May is sure—if she does things well enough for our critical youngsters—to be asked out, night after night, the whole season. Whereas if she leaves her big entertainment to the very end she will have made no impression, and may sit at home o' nights while others dance and sup. Still, done judiciously and with a touch of originality and freakishness, the last ball may prove the most triumphant of all.

The Strange Case of the Diary.

I think there are few things in modern life—certainly no so-called “convenience” or memorandum—so singularly ill-adapted for the purpose in view as the English diary. These handy little engagement-books, to which you turn at all moments for light upon coming events and fixtures, contain absolutely nothing—except Bank Holidays—which can possibly be of use to you. Do you want the date of the Cup Day at Ascot, you will only be informed that it is the fête of St. Barnabas. Are you looking for a likely week-end in which you may reasonably expect to assemble a posse of politicians or wits in the country? Quinquagesima Sunday raises its fearful head from those white pages and seems to preclude all idea of a gay party. For who, indeed, could be *folâtre* on Quinquagesima Sunday? There are forces against which it is useless to struggle. Again, the Conversion of St. Paul was an historic event of the widest significance and highest importance, but you are reminded of it, in your diary, just when the last pheasant-drive must inevitably take place. I would liefer know the date of the Eton and Harrow match, or when Goodwood comes, than the birthday of St. James or the date on which the Fire Insurance expires. This last information, however, is really useful compared with the long list of all the dates of the Church which fills up our modern diaries.

Music and the Cinema.

There must be a wide future for cinema music, for, according to far-seeing experts, there will be no words at all in the coming drama, only pictures, pantomime, gestures, and dancing, accompanied by music. There is no reason why a certain kind of Grand Opera should not be produced in this fashion, for words in opera are rarely distinguishable, gestures are purely artificial, and the newest kind of opera is an orchestral accompaniment to dramatic art. The Italians, always so Futurist nowadays, have already perceived a new field for the activity of their composers, and have formed a company called the Musical Films. Operatic celebrities are to work for the syndicate, and already the names of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Bossi are announced as film-composers. One great advantage in the new sort of opera would be that Lohengrins and Parsifals could be slim and young, instead of rotund and middle-aged; while Juliet could lie on her tomb without looking grotesque, and Venus, in the Berg of that name, could really resemble Aphrodite. A musical cinema drama under such surprising conditions would be a delightful innovation, and the “movies” are sure of another long lease of popularity if beautiful orchestration can be added to their variety and quickly succeeding emotions. Evidently, the new art is to come, like many other things, from the land of eternal renaissance, Italy.



GIVEN TO A LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A NEGLIGÉE BY MARY SCARLETT.

This was one of the gifts for guests, under the “Sketch” scheme, at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy. It was presented by Mary Scarlett, of 12, Sloane Street. The value is five guineas.



GIVEN TO A LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A MODEL FROCK BY LUCILE, LTD.

This charming gown was one of the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy last week. It was presented by that famous firm, Lucile, Ltd., under the “Sketch” scheme. The value is twenty-five guineas.—[“Vanity Fair” Photograph.]

and it is all to the good if it is combined with a bright sun, shining eyes, and all the charming amenities of house-boat and lawn on a typical summer day.

Final Festivities. Next week will see most of the festal scenes which wind up the junketings of the last three months. There are hostesses who, if they cannot secure a “date” at the beginning, like to leave a dazzling impression by being one

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 9.

YANKEES.

IT is not so very long ago that the Yankee Market was a favourite with speculators, but lately it has been practically neglected. The present position is both complicated and interesting, and although it is not possible to come to any definite conclusion as to the future course of the market, a few remarks on the prevailing influences may prove helpful.

The recent decision upholding the Inter-State Commerce Commission's ruling in what is known as the Inter-Mountain Railway rate case has been treated as a bear point chiefly because it tends to strengthen the Commission's powers, and the Commission is primarily a traders' association. The other decision over the Southern Pacific's oil lands was a bull point, but it has had little effect except upon the stocks of the Railway directly concerned.

The Commerce Commission's decision over the Eastern Roads application for permission to raise freights by five per cent. is now eagerly awaited. We expect to see a compromise as the result, but even a small increase would be encouraging. When once this matter is settled, we think the Railroads will make a better showing. They have known for a long time that this question would go before the Commission, and it seems not improbable that they have consistently put rather a worse face on their affairs than is actually justified. It is very easy to alter the aspect of a Company's results by charging everything to revenue and by spending freely on track repairs, etc.

So much, then, for what may perhaps be termed the "artificial" influences, but besides these must be considered the two great economic factors—trade and crops. At the present juncture these two are antagonistic. Everything points to record yields of both winter and spring wheat. The corn crop also promises well. But trade is very bad—how bad only those doing business with the States can realise, but its effect on the money position has been very marked. There is a plethora of money on the other side of the Atlantic. Gold to the amount of 50,000,000 dollars has been exported since the beginning of the year, and yet the surplus cash reserves of the banks throughout the country are larger by many millions than at any time during recent years.

Upon a basis of such conflicting influences it is almost impossible to build up a reasoned opinion as to the future course of the market, but we incline, if anything, to a bullish rather than a bearish attitude, especially for the high-class stocks, such as Atchison, Baltimore, and Unions.

INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES.

At this time of the year a large number of the Companies in this group are declaring interim dividends, and a note on prospects may therefore be of interest. The securities of these Companies have long been among our favourite recommendations for the ordinary investor, because his risk is thus spread over a wide range and his money is under the care of able men. Directors of such concerns have every opportunity of acquiring early information of the kind which is so necessary for successful investment, besides being in a position to participate in underwriting and other profitable financial transactions.

With regard to the dividends for the first half of the year we think there will be very few, if any, departures from the figures of twelve months ago, but the position of the Companies is probably stronger to-day than at the beginning of the year.

Their investments, on the whole, have a slightly higher market valuation than when their accounts were made up, and the expansion in revenue which was apparent last year has continued.

It is early yet to form any estimate of current year's results, but we venture to predict that there will be a good many small increases when the final dividends are announced in six or seven months' time.

We have suggested many of the Deferred stocks as likely to advance before long, but among the most promising we place Industrial and General, River Plate and General, and Foreign and Colonial Deferred. All three offer an attractive yield and have a breaking-up value considerably in excess of the current market prices.

FANTI CONSOLIDATED.

The Jungle interests nobody nowadays—which is hardly surprising. Fanti Consols are concerned largely (and almost solely) in West African Mines, holding big blocks of Abontiakoons, Prestea Block A, Appantoos, and similar things.

The first two mentioned have been making a better showing of late, so it is not surprising that Fanti Consols have moved up a little to about 6s.

In the report which has just appeared it has again been found necessary to resort to the reserve fund in order to write down investments, £93,120 being so appropriated. This makes a total of no less than £282,700 written off investments during the last two years, so one would imagine that further amounts required will not be very heavy. Which is just as well, since only £3000 remains to the credit of the reserve fund!

The £10,900 which stood to the credit of the revenue account has been carried forward.

At the present market price, this Company is very moderately capitalised, and, intrinsically, the shares appear undervalued. But they are a pure speculation. If Prestea Block A and Abontiakoon make good, Fanti Consols will benefit very largely, and, what is almost as important from a speculator's point of view, there may be a change of sentiment towards mining concerns in West Africa. Should this occur, the shares would be among the first to receive attention, and there is plenty of room for a decent rise. This possibility is the attraction at the present time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY.

General Electric is head and shoulders above the bulk of its competitors. In spite of the cut-throat competition which exists in the trade, this Company has always made money, and last year it made more money than ever before. For many years the Ordinary shareholder had to be content with 5 per cent., then 7½ per cent. was paid, and a year ago the rate was increased to 10 per cent. This distribution is repeated on the present occasion.

Last year's profits amounted to £157,900, an increase of £12,500 over the 1912-13 results. After payment of the dividend mentioned above, £30,000 is added to the reserve, bringing the total of that fund up to £200,000.

The balance-sheet is in a first-class condition. Goodwill stands at £1, and the same amount represents the book-value of fixtures and loose plant.

The £500,000 Preference shares issued in April were readily subscribed, and are a sound Industrial, for the Company has always been managed with skill and care.

The 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture stock is redeemable only at 5 per cent. premium, and the interest is covered about twenty times over, so the current price of 90 seems considerably under its real value.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

Mr. David L. George has made a proper muddle. We almost said "another muddle," but that would have dragged in politics, and probably led to a liberal application of blue pencil to these notes. But, seriously, the amount of additional work and worry that he has placed upon the shoulders of those concerned in the payment of dividends is colossal. Claims for excess already paid, new warrants for those already prepared, and a multitude of intricate calculations are but a few of the results of his "bungled finance." The Suffragettes have added to the Litany, and the City feels inclined to copy their example!

The "Shell" people are taking an interest in the new oil-field in Calgary. This goes a long way towards establishing the value of the discovery. This group can safely be relied upon to get hold of the pick of the field, and the Canadians to keep most of the other plums. Anything that is offered to the public over here should be carefully scrutinised. The crumbs that fall from rich men's tables are not always very nourishing.

The East Kent Colliery's position is pretty desperate, and a Receiver has been appointed on behalf of the Debenture-holders. The directors' circular states that only one shareholder in every twenty has so far responded to their appeal for further funds. We are not surprised, although it is to be regretted from the shareholders' point of view, and we very much fear that reconstruction is now inevitable.

The Galician Oil Trust has come to a bad end, and now it only remains to settle the manner of its obsequies. There is no doubt that the Board would like to have them conducted as quietly as possible, and the appointment of a committee to confer with the liquidator is futile from the shareholders' point of view. In our opinion, all shareholders should support the movement for a compulsory winding-up order. They are not likely to get very much of their money back either way.

Copra has been a weak market, and prices are now lower than they have been for a long time, the current figure of £24 to £25 per ton comparing with as much as £33 at one time last year. £8 or £9 a ton means a tremendous difference to all the margarine manufacturers, who suffered severely last year from the high prices. The Maypole Dairy Company, for instance, have had drastically to reduce their dividends, but they should quickly feel the effect of lower costs for their prime material, and the shares look a hopeful speculation at about 20s.

We have often recommended Great Western Railway Ordinary, and it is therefore very satisfactory to note the excellent traffic returns. For the first twenty-five weeks of the current year an increase of £97,000 is shown. This, on top of last year's heavy increase, is more than could have been expected.

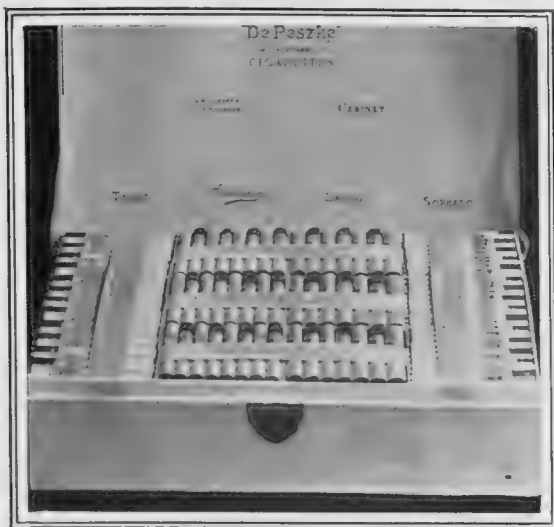
The details of the new French Loan are at last available. The total is approximately £32,000,000 in 3½ per cents. The issue price,

[Continued on page 420]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

For Comfort, Grace, and Smartness.

There are times in every woman's life when her health is her chief care, yet when society and cheery companionship must not be foregone. It is, therefore, a great boon and blessing that delightfully comfortable, graceful, and essentially smart and up-to-date dresses can be secured, for rest and leisure, at Mme. Barri's, 72, Baker Street. Madame is an artist who understands line and form, and who makes the most of the opportunities afforded by the present fashion of drapery and basques. I saw at her dainty ateliers some very charming models—a tea-gown in black charmeuse and black lace edge chiffon, with little clusters of roses at the points of



ONE OF THE GIFTS FOR LUCKY GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: MILLHOFF AND CO.'S DE RESZKE CIGARETTES.

Among the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball were Millhoff and Co.'s De Reszke Cigarettes to the value of £47 5s., presented by the firm in question, under the "Sketch" scheme.—[Photo. Perhoff.]

dress of black taffeta, very prettily draped, had a bodice all of soft striped green, grey, and brown muslin. A wide band of the black glacé caught down the muslin, and was finished with a gun-metal buckle at the back. These are but examples of dozens of delightfully stylish modes of the moment to be found at Mme. Barri's, where, also, the art of making comfortable and graceful corsets is exercised with the utmost skill and cleverness. As to the layettes for the newest arrivals on our planet, they are the most deliciously dainty things ever seen.

A Charming Sale. The day this paper is published, July 1, a sale will begin at the White House, 51, New Bond Street which will charm all ladies who love dainty lingerie, blouses, costumes, and tailor-built coats and skirts of washing fabrics. Everyone knows the White House, and how smart and up-to-date, charming and dressy and neat, are the things sold there. The sale is entirely of their own stock, and the reductions are very considerable. There are dresses of handkerchief-linen in blue-and-white, pink-and-white, buff-and-white, green-and-white, each quite different in style, and each as smart as smart can be. These are as good as new each time they are washed. There are tailor-built piqué suits, and linen and washing-silk suits, and there are muslin frocks in all colours. For neck-wear there are many dainty and quite novel collars and cravats and fichus; and for handkerchiefs and table and bed linen the wonderful reputation of the White House is guarantee that when there is a sale there it is one that will charm from every point of view.

Cool, Cleanly, Smart, and Dainty.

What we want, when we are playing tennis, boating, cycling, golfing—in fact, enjoying the summer and its holidays as British people like to enjoy it—is cool, clean, dainty, comfortable clothing which looks neat and smart. Aertex Cellular fulfils all these requirements. There are many models for the season to be seen at the West End depot, Messrs. Oliver Brothers, 417, Oxford Street, W. The blouses in white, with a stripe also white, are very charming, and, being unstarched, they give the greatest comfort, and can be always luxuriously and daintily clean, for, given a wash-out in the bath-

room and a dry in the hot-water cupboard, the blouse worn one day is ready for use the next. Their cost is very little, beginning at 5s. 6d. There are all kinds of pretty stripes and self-colours, as well as the white, and there are different styles—some with points fastening down the front, and a deep, low collar; some with two sets of buttons, and a sports collar; others with a plain pleat, larger buttons, and a low collar; others full a little at the shoulders, with roll-over collar. Styles, patterns, and prices will be given on inquiry at the establishment, either by correspondence or personally. The nighties are very dainty, and, with a lace yoke, cost only 6s. 11d.; very fine cloth, with lace yokes and frills, are 10s. 11d. All the things are beautifully cut and made, and are ideal wear for active people.

The Summer Woman.

It is not only the summer girl who is delightful to look at, but also the woman who knows how to make the best of herself in the summer; who, with her dainty chiffons and thin silks and laces, has a rose-leaf skin and pretty hair and teeth, and suffers no disfigurements—the woman, in fact, who consults Mrs. Hemming, the famous Cyclax beauty expert at 58, South Molton Street. Her latest triumph is the Cyclax throat-bandage, which secures the smooth white throat which the present fashion makes indispensable to all women in Society, and the cost of which is only 12s. 6d. This, with a liberal supply of nutritive Cyclax skin-food—at 4s. and 7s. 6d.—kept to the throat with the bandage, secures the plump and white and velvety soft throat that one likes to look at. The skin-foods so well known and popular are now issued in "E" skin-food for relaxed skins, and "O" skin-food for dry and sensitive surfaces; while the ordinary skin-food is used for normal skins. This has a definitely bracing effect. It is wise to make an appointment beforehand to consult her, as she is frequently called away to royal clients, and her special treatments are in great demand. Her advice for home treatment is given free of charge to all who give her details by letter of complexion worries. Her clever illustrated booklet—1s.—"The Cultivation of Beauty," is very helpful. It is given free with preparations.



TYPICAL OF GIFTS FOR GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: GOODS BY MARK CROSS, LTD.

It will be recalled that Messrs. Ladbroke and Co., the well-known Commission Agents, of 6, Old Burlington Street, generously gave £105 to be expended on various three-guinea gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball; while Messrs. Mark Cross, Ltd., of 89, Regent Street, gave a travelling vanity-case. The presents contributed by Messrs. Ladbroke took the form of three-guinea orders for goods at Messrs. Mark Cross's; and the last-named firm generously increased the number of these orders to sixty, each gift remaining of the value of three guineas.



ONE OF TWO GIVEN TO LUCKY GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A CYCLAX TOILET-CABINET.

Among the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball were two Cyclax Toilet-Cabinets, to the value of six guineas each. These were presented, under the "Sketch" scheme, by Cyclax, of 58, South Molton Street, W.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

merits this heading. The reason is that the building trade dispute has prevented the completion of the firm's new premises, and that all the fine and beautiful stocks prepared for the opening of their new salons early in the spring must now be sold at really great sacrifice. The handkerchiefs may be said to be phenomenal in variety and in good value. Housewives will be delighted with the chance to secure lovely table and bed linen and curtains at prices less than moderate. Underclothing is another feature of this wonderful sale, as are also blouses, lace and embroidered collars, and dresses and skirts, gloves and fancy articles. It is well to secure a sale catalogue, which will be sent to anyone who applies by post-card, as time is saved by studying the bargains before arriving at the establishment.

Extraordinary. With this week began a summer sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, 156-170, Regent Street, that

Continued from page 418.

91; and payments extending until the end of the year. Everything that is possible has been done to ensure the success of the issue, and a premium of 13-8 has been established on the Bourse. This issue will help Continental markets enormously, and should ensure much easier money conditions in Paris for the rest of the year.

Twelve months ago to-day we suggested that Unions, U.S. Steels, and Russo-Asiatics were worth buying; while the sale of Mexicans, Argentine Tobaccos, and Shamyas was advised. Sorry we can't do it every week!

Saturday, June 27, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

STALKY.—Unless you see your way to wait a very long time we should exchange into something a little more active. It must be many years before you see any return on your money, and many things may happen in the meantime.

NEMO.—(1) and (5) should be sold, even at a loss; (2) hold; (3) hold, but sell on any recovery; (4) hopeful speculation.

S. C. C.—(1) The new P.L.A. Stock should suit you very well. (2) We cannot advise without knowing something of your friend's resources.

CAMPBELTOWN.—See this week's Notes. We do not think there is much fear of a reconstruction, and, as a pure gamble, the shares are hopeful, if you are prepared to wait.

SOH-FAH (Canada).—We think you would be wise to realise the Rubber shares, as the Company is extravagantly managed, and you could probably do better with the money. The Trust Company is all right.

C. N. C.—Do not send the people any more money, and keep the stamps off the addressed envelopes, and be thankful to get them. They are all you will ever get out of the firm!

R. W. (Sussex).—Thanks for your kind remarks. We are glad to have been of some help. We see no reason to sell any of the shares yet awhile, although the profit on No. 4 is rather tempting.

TONIC.—The trade are doing well at present, and there is no reason to expect any shortage of hops—but it is early yet.

S. W.—We should certainly continue to hold. In our opinion it is only a matter of time before the price recovers again.

SECURITY.—The Debentures you mention are a perfectly sound security and should suit your purpose admirably.

The City of St. Petersburg are offering £2,254,780 bonds at the price of £94 per cent. £800,000 has, however, already been taken firm as the terms of the prospectus. The bonds carry interest at the rate of 4½ per cent., and are redeemable at par by

annual drawings calculated to redeem the whole in sixty-seven years from January next. The municipality have the right to redeem the whole or part at the same price after 1924 on giving three months' notice. The money is required for tramway extension, the building of bridges, and various municipal improvements. The city has a surplus of assets over liabilities of over £27,000,000. Further particulars will be found elsewhere in this issue.

At the fourteenth ordinary general meeting of R. Waygood and Co., Ltd., held last week, the Chairman of the Company, Mr. Henry C. Walker, presiding, was able to tell the shareholders that the sales were larger than ever before, the gross trading profit amounting to £84,203, compared with £77,520 for the preceding year. Mr. Walker referred to the acquisition by the Company of the Otis business, and said that now that the amalgamation was accomplished it was the policy of the directors to make one standard type of machine, upon which they were at present engaged, and in connection with which they were obtaining valuable help from the Otis Company. The Chairman also stated that their factories were full of work. The Board felt that it was necessary to concentrate very seriously upon the standardisation of design. The Chairman also referred to the employees' saving scheme, established to give the employees an opportunity of participating in the prosperity of the Company, and mentioned a number of important contracts they had, and that during the year they had supplied over 1300 machines. A dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. for the six months was declared, making 6 per cent. for the year. Mr. H. Harmsworth seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously. The election of Mr. C. H. J. Day as a director was confirmed; and Messrs. H. Harmsworth and H. Cecil Walker, the retiring directors, were re-elected.

MESSRS. D. NAPIER AND SON, LTD., announce that a further dividend will be payable on June 30, bringing the total distribution on the shares up to 7½ per cent. for the year. At the same time, it is announced that the books will in future be made up to September 30 of each year, in order to conform with the general custom in the motor trade.

"Oil Facts and Figures" is the title of a useful little booklet issued by Messrs. Mathieson and Son, 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C., at one shilling. A mass of useful details are given of all the leading Oil Companies, such as capital issued and authorised, areas and number of wells, outputs, and financial results; also, highest and lowest prices of the shares for the last four years. We can heartily recommend it to all interested in the Oil Market.

Cyder with a Guarantee

The fact that an ever-increasing number of medical men are recommending Whiteway's Cyders is worthy of special attention by the general public. Cyder has long been known as an antidote to gout, rheumatism, and kindred ailments, and also as an aid to health—but it must be pure. According to official reports there are "cyders" on the market which contain no apple juice, and others which contain only a small proportion. Whiteway's Cyders are guaranteed made from pure apple juice and from British apples only—rich in potassium—the element essential to the maintenance of life and the great antagonist of disease. Whiteway's have made Cyders for over 300 years, and they make the best.

WHITEWAY'S FAMOUS DEVON CYDERS

are made to suit all tastes:—"Dry Sparkling," "Sweet Sparkling," and "Still." Choice vintage brands are in increasing demand and are now preferred in most cases to wines and beers. Many of the Royal Family, peers, and doctors agree as to the merits of Whiteway's, and drink it regularly.

If you desire a refreshing beverage that will be an aid to health try **WHITEWAY'S "WOODBINE BLEND" CYDER**, very delicate and dry. Much recommended by the Medical Profession. Of great benefit to those suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, and kindred ailments.



SAMPLE CASES.—For the convenience of those who have not yet tried our Cyders, and are undecided as to which brands would suit them best, we put up the following:—sample cases containing a dozen pints assorted (Case and Bottles included) Carriage paid 12/-

Write for a free copy of "Pure Cyder in Health & Sickness." This copyright article will demonstrate the advantage to health gained by drinking cyder, and shows conclusively the reason for the enormous increase in the consumption of the Whiteway pure brands of cyder. Write Messrs. H. WHITEWAY & CO., LTD., Pomona House, Albert Embankment, S.W., or The Orchards, Whimble, Devon.

The Great White Way to Health—the apple from the famous Whimble Orchards, Devon.



The Flor de Dindigul is the invariable choice of the outdoor man who knows. It is essentially the hot-weather cigar, because, although full-flavoured, it is mild, cool, and suits the most delicate palate—it leaves no bad after-taste—no "summer staleness."

Add to the enjoyment of your tennis, boating, golfing, and motoring by filling your cigar case before you start with Flor de Dindiguls.

Awarded 13 Gold Medals.

Sold in three grades, 3d., 4d., & 6d. each. Of all good dealers, or of the Importer,

BEWLAY, 49, Strand, London.
TOBACCONIST TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

ESTABLISHED 134 YEARS.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL



DOPE & BRADLEY

Tailors & Breeches Makers



By
Royal
Warrant



to H.M.
the King
of Spain.

THE SALONS of the HOUSE

The Salons of the House of Pope and Bradley at Bond Street and at Southampton Row are more perfectly appointed than any other tailoring establishment in London. This statement is made merely to indicate that the comfort of customers is primarily studied; and the correct atmosphere for the choosing of materials and styles is maintained.

Catering only for the demands of the man who desires to be perfectly dressed, the principle of the firm is to study his requirements in every possible way during the execution of his orders.

Every garment produced is designed by H. Dennis Bradley, whose reputation as an authority ensures its style, and by trading upon a rigid cash basis, we are enabled to supply our productions at extremely moderate prices comparative with their quality. To illustrate our charges, our Lounge Suits range from 4 guineas, our Morning Suits from 4½ guineas, and our Dress Suits from 6 guineas.

Upon application we shall be pleased to forward our new book, "The Man of To-day," dealing exhaustively with Men's Dress in every phase.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



Albemarle Case

THE difficulty of keeping gloves, hat-pins, veils, handkerchiefs in their right place when travelling is overcome by this new Albemarle Case, which is so compact that it can easily be packed for the journey. No. 1038. Size, 13½ in. long x 7 in. deep. Made in green, blue or purple morocco, and lined silk.



63/-

A New Silk Bag

THIS is a new pattern of silk bag which has found great favour with ladies. Extremely attractive, it is also very commodious, and retains the elegance of its shape when full. This bag is made of black figured silk, and is fitted with inside frame, also combined mirror and powder pocket. Can be had finished with gilt or electro-plated mounts. No. 3360. Price 25/-

Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 3.

MARK CROSS Ltd. 89 Regent St. London W

WHOLESALE BUSINESS. Retailers are invited to write for trade terms and Catalogue to Mark Cross Ltd., Warewell Street, Walsall, Staffs.



AVON TYRES

LONDON—EDINBURGH—LONDON: 13 Gold Medals—100 per cent.
1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 29th JUNIOR "T.T."—100 per cent. finished.

"MY tyres"

—says John Bull, "Made in England under the Trilith trade mark—the Stonehenge symbol of British strength and endurance.

"Try Avons—not merely because they are British, but because they live up to the highest British ideals of quality and service.

"More comfort for more miles, less trouble and less expense." That's the Avon charter conferred on every motorist who fits these good, 'home-made' tyres."



THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO., LTD.,
MELKSHAM.

Depots 19, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.
MANCHESTER, BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, PARIS.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA



is acknowledged by connoisseurs as the finest obtainable for its refreshing fragrance and delicate aroma. This Tea has recently been introduced into England and is now obtainable at the

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS,

36, PICCADILLY, W

(Opposite St. James's Church).

where Luncheons, Teas, and Dinners are served in excellent style at moderate prices, amidst charming surroundings; or it can be ordered by post.

FORMOSA OOLONG, PURE, at 2/6 and 3/6 per lb.
FORMOSA OOLONG, BLEND, at 2/-, 3/-, and 4/- per lb.

Carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA (Pure or Blended), is obtainable at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; Andw. Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Absolutely unique
in their qualities



STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

are exquisite from the touch of the flame to the last lingering whiff—no harshness, no crudity—just mellowness itself. The value of State Express Cigarettes to tired nerves cannot be over-estimated—each puff makes for contentment.

Obtainable of all high-class Tobacconists and Stores.

STANDARD BRAND

N^o. 555

VIRGINIA LEAF

100 50 25 10
4/9 2/6 1/3 6d.

NEW PRODUCTION

N^o. 444

TURKISH LEAF

100 50 25 10
4/9 2/6 1/3 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Ltd., LONDON

Unique **SALE** of Jewellery & Plate at **HANCOCKS'** in New Bond Street

**PRIOR TO
RE-BUILDING**

THIS SALE provides quite exceptional opportunities of buying the finest quality **DIAMOND ORNAMENTS**, or **PEARLS** of the rarest beauty, such as are only to be found amongst the select stocks of a very few houses in the trade, at prices far below those of ordinary stocks.

Hancocks have been established nearly a century, and their reputation has been built up solely by upholding the quality of their stocks; their name is always recognised as a guarantee with every piece of Jewellery or Plate they supply.

Prices during this rebuilding Sale have been reduced by 25 per cent. to 33 per cent.

HANCOCKS & CO.,
152, NEW BOND STREET, W.

(Corner of Bruton Street. Telephone—Gerrard 1374.)

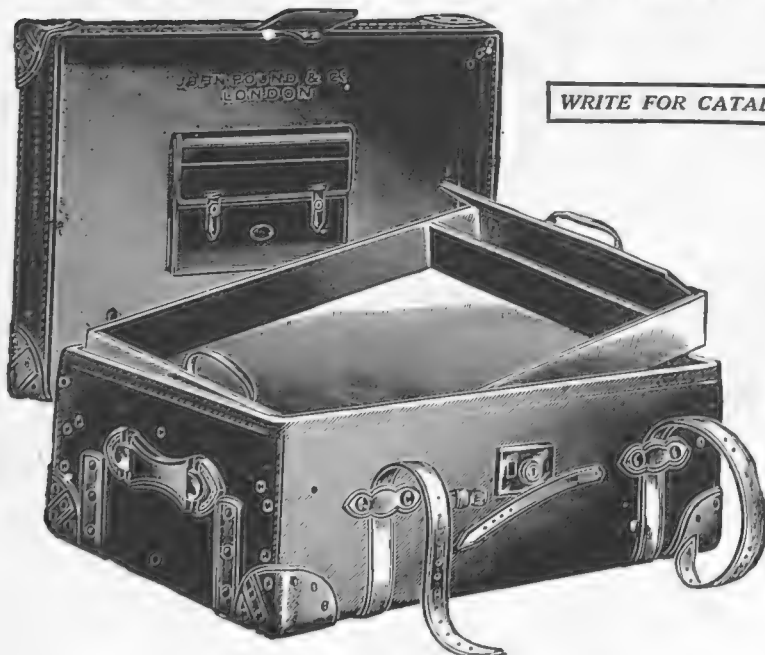
LOWEST
possible PRICES
compatible with
BEST Quality
Material and
Workmanship

John Pound & Co.

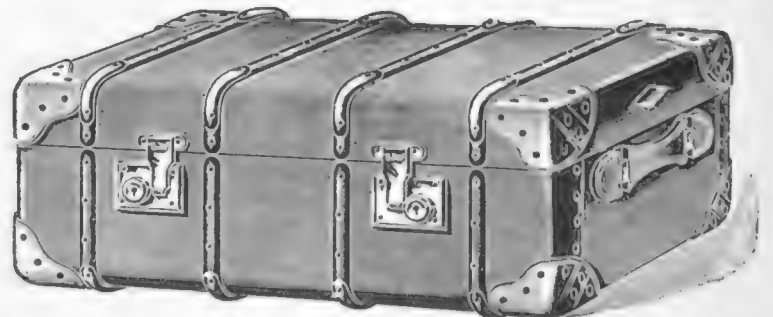
Actual Makers

OF
Travelling Requisites
IN
LEATHER, CANE, & FIBRE

EXPORT
ORDERS sent
at SPECIAL
REDUCED
PRICES.



WRITE FOR CATALOGUE



The "PREMIER" Brand.

Best Compressed CANE, covered with Painted Flax Canvas, fitted with 8 Solid Leather Corners, 2 Brass Sliding Locks, Hardwood Hoops, and Tray

30 in., 55/- 32 in., 60/- 34 in., 65/- 36 in., 70/-

Best Compressed FIBRE, description as above.

30 in., 40/6 32 in., 44/6 34 in., 48/6 36 in., 52/6

Sizes above 34 in. are fitted with 4 Hoops and 2 Locks.

No. B 131. Finest Solid Leather Steamer Trunk, 8 Capped Corners, Leather Ledges. Best Lock and Tray.

30 x 20 x 14	33 x 22 x 14	36 x 24 x 14
£8 15 0	£9 15 0	£10 15 0

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.
187, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
177-178, Tottenham Court Rd., W. 243, Brompton Rd., S.W.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

Cupid's Promptings

"The clean, crisp odour of **'4711'** is unmistakable, and you, Sir, will make no mistake in using it. It is the Man's Cologne, the one and only perfume that the established usages of good society allow a man to use."



Original	Bottles	-	-	-	2/6
Case of 3	„	-	-	-	7/-
Case of 6	„	-	-	-	13/6

Other sizes from
9d. to 30/- each.

Throughout the world,
wherever is a Druggist or
Perfumer, there **"4711"**
will be found on sale.



JULY CALENDAR		
Newmarket First July	1, 2, 3
Carlisle Summer
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SANDOWN PARK		
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Liverpool July
Hurst Park Summer
GOODWOOD		
July 28, 29, 30, 31		

Every client receives the red leather-bound Racing Diary and Guide. Write for it and full particulars of terms to-day.

"Oh, a-racing we will go"

SANDOWN PARK and GOODWOOD, and many other first-class meetings, as shown on the Calendar, are now engaging interest. In the procession of Events Dame Fortune rides in colours that change from hour to hour; but her happy favourites who throng around will certainly penetrate the disguise.

Remember, that though Fortune may smile upon you; she does not pay you. If you are discreet you will see that the House of Gant is responsible for this important part. It will not matter how great your luck has been, the House of Gant will pay in full and promptly.

The splendid organisation of the House of Gant provides ample facility for the rapid transmission of business. The latest tape prices are accepted and guaranteed on all future events. There is no reason why you should not avail yourself of the security and the satisfaction which this old-established House affords its sporting clientele.

Send your business for any race on the Calendar to the House of Gant, and if you are a winner the cheque will be sent you promptly—in a private name to secure secrecy.

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TURF ACCOUNTANT

41 New Bond Street, London, W



SHANKLIN
AND SANDOWN
GOLF COURSE.



The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry.
The largest users of plantation rubber in the British Empire.
Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent St., London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W. 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

Two champions for long-distance driving:—


DUNLOP

TYRES AND "V" GOLF BALLS.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

THE  TO CLEANLINESS!

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD USES
BRIGHTENS ALL IT TOUCHES!

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET PURPOSES. SPLENDID CLEANSER FOR THE HAIR.
REMOVES STAINS AND GREASE SPOTS FROM CLOTHING.
REFRESHING AS A TURKISH BATH. RESTORES THE COLOUR TO CARPETS.
CLEANS PLATE, JEWELLERY, SPONGES, ETC., ETC.
ALLAYS THE IRRITATION CAUSED BY MOSQUITO BITES.



SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.



By Appointment
Jewellers & Silversmiths
to His Majesty the King.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons). Established 1751.

LTD.

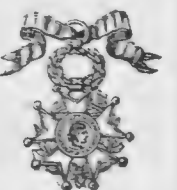
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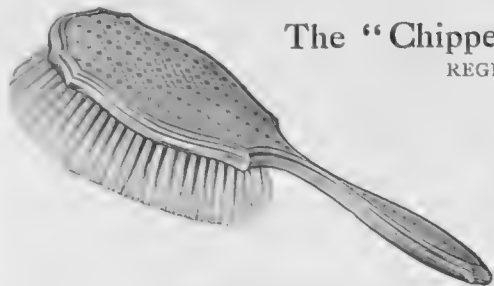
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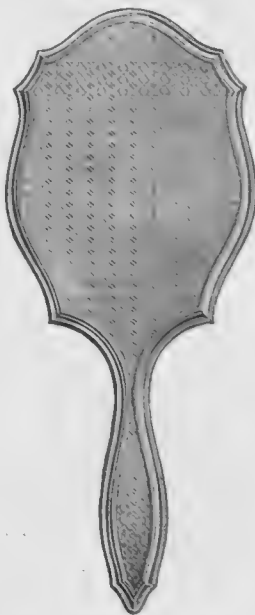


Highest Awards
at all Exhibitions in
Europe and America.



The "Chippendale"
REGISTERED

Hair Brush, £2 7 6

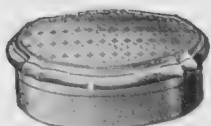


Hand Mirror, £4 15 0

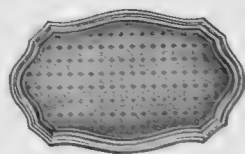


Cloth Brush, £1 3 6

This Solid Silver Toilet Service beautifully engine-turned is of extra substantial weight of Silver, and of that high standard of quality for which the productions of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company are famous.



Pin Box, £3 5 0



Pin Tray, £1 6 6



Comb, £1 2 6

HIGHEST
QUALITY.

LOWEST
PRICES.

Prices of Additional
Pieces of this Service.

	£	s.	d.
Powder Box ...	3	7	6
Brush Tray ...	8	8	0
Buttonhook ...	1	1	0
Shoe Lift ...	1	1	0
Scent Bottle ...	2	7	6

Only Address: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

An Oxygen Bath For Your Skin!



A WONDERFUL TOILET DISCOVERY.

EXPOSED to the Summer heat and dust and the strain of present-day social activities, the skin is very liable to lose its natural softness and tone. Any dry or hardened condition of the skin makes it an easy prey to annoying blemishes.

Considerations of bodily health as well as of personal appearance thus demand that any defect in the skin shall be instantly remedied by the application of Ven-Yusa Crème de Luxe night and morning. Ven-Yusa is Nature's response to the skin's demand for outside aid.

There is no preparation which can be likened to Ven-Yusa for its soothing and skin-softening qualities. The novelty about Ven-Yusa is that it brings direct to your dressing-table all the complexion-clearing properties of pure oxygen—the vitalising oxygen of the seaside and country air.

Ven-Yusa thus has a subtle rejuvenating and unparalleled beautifying effect on the skin. Ven-Yusa is bottled beauty.



TOILET JARS FOR THE HANDBAG FREE!

It will pay every lady to give Ven-Yusa a trial—as she can do to-day free of charge—by mentioning THE SKETCH, 17/14, and sending two penny stamps (to cover postage and packing) to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, who will then forward a dainty trial size jar—a most convenient requisite for a lady's handbag. Handsome full size opal jars of Ven-Yusa, put up in elegant wickerwork blue and silver cartons, are obtainable at 1/-, of all Chemists, Stores, and Perfumers, or direct from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

At 69 Piccadilly

In order to meet the convenience and demands of their numerous clientèle,

Messrs. FIAT Motors, Ltd.

have opened Show Rooms in the heart of the West End at the above address (opposite the Ritz Hotel). The Head Offices and Show Rooms will continue at

37-38 Long Acre, W.C.

where a full range of FIAT Models, from the 12/15 h.p. (Chassis Price £295) upwards, can always be inspected and immediate or early deliveries given of FIAT Cars, fitted with body-work of different types by all the leading coach-builders.

(Michelin Tyres on all FIAT Cars).

FIAT

Head Office Telephone - - - - 7946 GERRARD (5 lines).
Head Office Telegrams - - - FIATISM, RAND, LONDON.
Works Telephone - - - - 186 WEMBLEY (3 lines).



**THIS MOSELEY
MOTOR TYRE
RAN 11,150 MILES**

MOSELEY'S SPECIAL 10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT—AN OPPORTUNITY TO TEST PLANTATION RUBBER TYRES

From Wednesday, June 24th, until July 9th—during the 16 days on which the Rubber Exhibition is being held at the Agricultural Hall, London—Moseley's offer a special discount of 10 per cent. off all Moseley Tyres made from Plantation Rubber.

To extend this opportunity of testing Plantation Rubber Tyres to those motorists who cannot visit the Exhibition, Moseleys have decided that this special discount will be allowed from tyres ordered not only at the Exhibition, but also direct from Moseleys or through any dealer; and with every Plantation Rubber Tyre sold, Moseleys will give their usual guarantee of 3,000 miles minimum service.

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		Grooved Cover.	Tough Grey Tube.
760 by 90.....	£2 12 0.....	£0 14 0	
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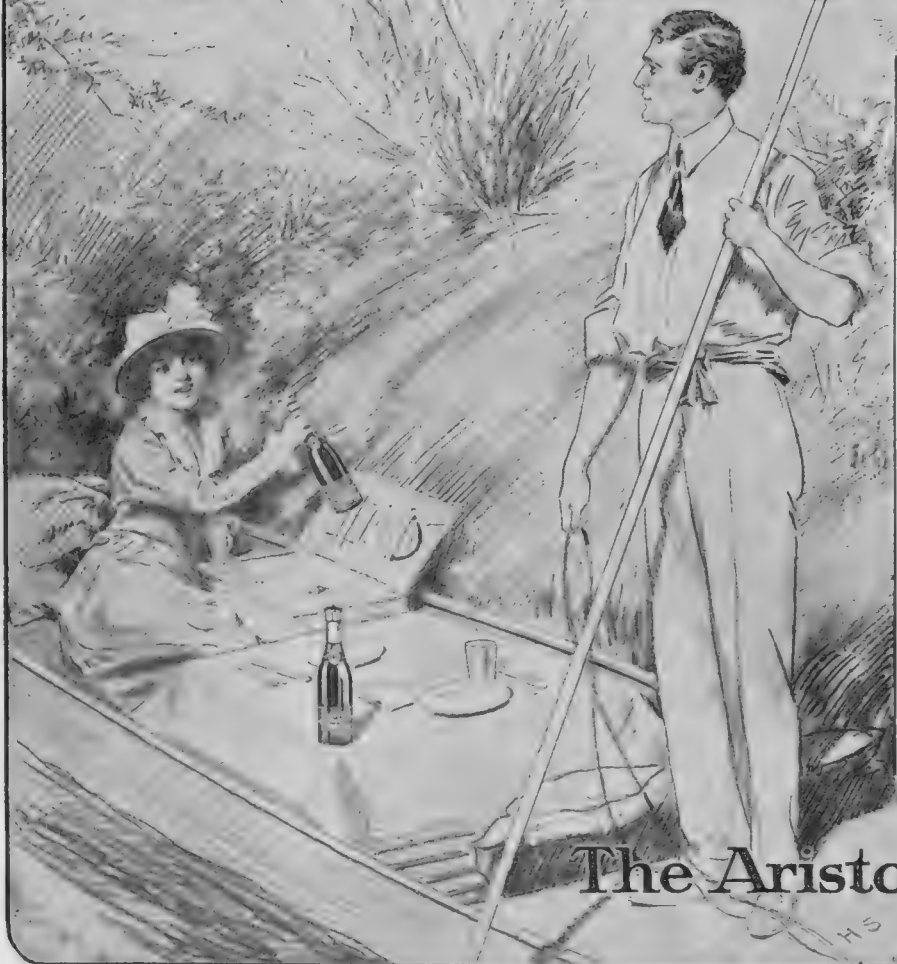
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LONDON: 51, 52, Aldermanbury, E.C. MANCHESTER: 2, 4, 6, New Brown Street. BIRMINGHAM: 105, Corporation Street. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 44, 46, High Bridge. GLASGOW: 126, Ingram St. DUBLIN: 16, William St.

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"Tie up the painter and pass along that corkscrew."

"PUNTING makes one thirsty. Just as well we remembered to bring a couple of bottles of "C & C" Ginger Ale. There's nothing like "C & C" for sheer refreshment."

"C & C" is the ideal drink for a summer day—deliciously cold and crisp. Whether you sit at your own table, or at an al fresco meal on lawn or river, hillside or seaside, be sure to have "C & C" Ginger Ale, and plenty of it.

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MONTREAL—A. T. WILEY & CO., Ltd.

BUENOS AIRES

CALCUTTA, ETC.



"At first the Infant
Mewling and puking
in the Nurse's arms."



Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Man

From "As You Like It."

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women . . . players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being Seven Ages."



"Then the . . . Schoolboy,
with his satchel
. . . creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

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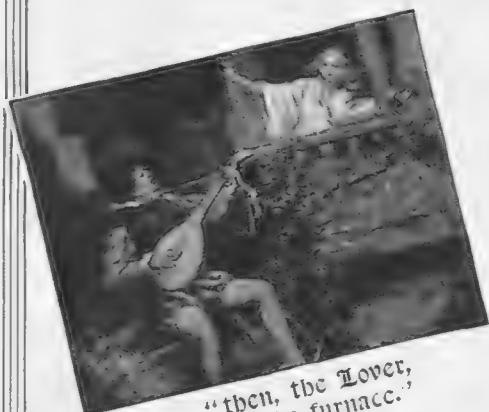
THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

In his "Seven Ages of Man" Shakespeare covers the whole period of life's activity. To-day, from Infancy to Age, the most valuable item on life's menu is HORLICK'S MALTED MILK—a delicious food-beverage welcome and beneficial to all ages, containing the unrivalled nutrition of rich milk and the choicest malted barley and wheat.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK builds up stamina and ensures the healthy development of Infants and growing Children, and the energy and health of the Young Man and Maiden is maintained and enhanced by its use. To the Business and Professional Man HORLICK's furnishes that extra nourishment which conduces to fitness and endurance, and in the quiet days of Age, MALTED MILK supplies in a light and palatable form, maximum nutrition with minimum tax on digestion.

Prepared in a moment with
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No Cooking.



"then, the Lover,
Sighing like furnace."



Then, a Soldier; . . .
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth; "



"then, the Justice; . . .
Full of wise saws and modern
instances."



"Last scene of all,
That ends this . . . eventful history."



"The sixth age . . .
With spectacles on nose."

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES IN STERILISED GLASS BOTTLES at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-
Write for further particulars and liberal Sample for trial, free by post on request.

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TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

Packed in 1-oz. and 2-oz. packets, and in 2-oz., 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. tins, 5d. per ounce.

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Go to Strathpeffer Spa, in the Highlands of Scotland. Its medicinal waters and baths will rejuvenate you. Ample opportunity for golf, tennis, loch and river fishing, excursions, etc.

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Beside the Baths, the Wells and the Gardens.
Inclusive Terms till 14th July, 10/- per day;
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The "Winifred" is a charming Frock in white washing Crêpe, with an overdress in striped Crêpe, and trimmed with white cotton crochet buttons. The overdress may be in blue, pink, or helio, and the price for 24 in. is twenty-three shillings and sixpence, rising 6d. per inch.

Many other charming and inexpensive cotton frocks are illustrated in our "Dress for Girls." Other "Rowe" publications are—

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Eight Person sizes.
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"EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET,
Invaluable to all Travelling.

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A Cup of Tea in a Few Minutes.

FOR TWO PERSONS.

Size 12 in. long, 7 in. wide, and 8 1/2 in.
deep, very light, and easily carried
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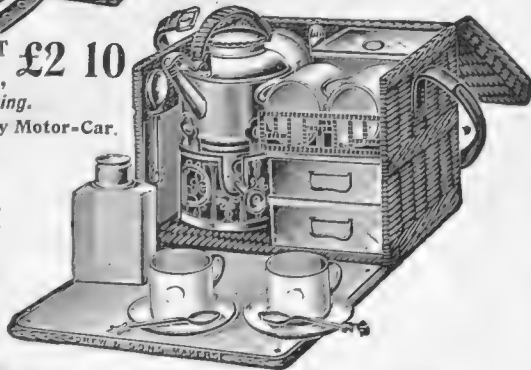
With Silver-plated Kettle £2 10 0
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FOR FOUR PERSONS.

Size 15 in. long, 9 in. wide, and 10 in.
deep.

With Silver-plated Kettle £3 15 6
With all fittings Silver-plated 4 16 6

Sent carefully packed to all parts.



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SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



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They glide over the
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Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d.,
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Works, BIRMINGHAM. Attention is also
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Chairs post free.

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The Subscription List will close on or before Wednesday, the 1st July, 1914.

CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG 4½ per cent. LOAN OF 1913

CAPITAL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

ISSUE OF £2,254,780.

Or 21,307,671 Roubles, or 56,820,456 Francs, or 45,997,512 Marks.

Of which £800,000 has been taken firm on the terms of this Prospectus.

Part of an Authorised Issue of Roubles 66,500,000.

Equivalent in Sterling £7,037,037 Os. 7d. of which £2,300,000 was issued in London in October, 1913, and £227,460 in St. Petersburg

The Loan is created by virtue of a Resolution of the Municipal Council, and is authorised by the Imperial Government of Russia.

PRICE OF ISSUE £94

The Loan is redeemable at par in 67 years from 15th January, 1915, by annual drawings on 14th October of each year, for Payment on the following 15th January, commencing on 14th October, 1914, or by purchase in the market. The Municipality reserves to itself the right, on or after 14th April, 1924, to increase the drawings or to redeem the whole Loan at par on giving three months' notice.

The Bonds will be free, both as to principal and interest, from all present and future taxes of the City or of the Imperial Government of Russia. They will be to Bearer, in denominations of £1000, £500, £100, and £20, or their equivalents in Roubles, Francs, and Marks at the exchanges of Rs. 9.45, Fcs. 25.20, and M. 20.40 per £ respectively.

Principal and interest will be payable in Sterling in London, at the Offices of Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., or at the holder's option in Russia, France, or Germany, at the above rates of exchange.

LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED,
THE BANK OF SCOTLAND,
AND

MESSRS. BOULTON BROS. & CO.

ARE AUTHORISED BY THE

RUSSIAN & ENGLISH BANK, ST. PETERSBURG

to receive applications at the price of £94 for every £100 nominal capital, payable as follows—

For £100 Bond.	For £20 Bond.
£10 os. on Application.	£2 os. on Application.
£24 os. " Allotment.	£4 16s. " Allotment.
£30 os. " 20th July, 1914.	£6 os. " 20th July, 1914.
£15 os. " 20th August, 1914.	£3 os. " 20th August, 1914.
£45 os. " 25th September, 1914.	£3 os. " 25th September, 1914.
£94 os.	£18 16s.

Payment in full may be made on allotment, or on any subsequent instalment date, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The interest is payable half-yearly on 14th April and 14th October.

Instalments carry interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum from the dates of payment, and Scrip Certificates will be issued in due course in exchange for the duly receipted Allotment Letters, and will bear a Coupon of 17s. 7d. per £100, payable on 14th October, 1914.

Scrip Certificates will be exchangeable in due course for Definitive Bonds at the Offices of Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., 39, Old Broad Street, E.C. The Bonds will have half-yearly Coupons attached, payable on 14th April and 14th October in each year. The first full half-yearly Coupon will be payable on 14th April, 1915.

The money is required for Tramway extension, the building of bridges, and various Municipal improvements.

The following Official statistics have been furnished, the roubles having been converted into pounds sterling at the rate of Rs. 94.50 per £100.

According to the census of 1903, the population was 1,778,000, and on January 1st, 1914 was 2,073,800.

The total amount of Internal and External Loans of the City on 1st January, 1914, was Rs. 111,954,770 (£11,847,066).

The present loan ranks *pari passu* with the existing loans.

The Revenue of the City for the year 1913 was

Rs. 44,474,112 (£4,706,255).

and the amount required during the current year to meet the payment of interest and redemption in respect of all outstanding loans, excluding the present issue, is about

Rs. 5,896,247 (£623,941).

The Revenue of the City during the last five years has been as follows:—

1909 ..	Rs. 34,406,248 (£3,640,873)
1910 ..	Rs. 37,353,056 (£3,952,704)
1911 ..	Rs. 40,561,449 (£4,292,217)
1912 ..	Rs. 43,597,621 (£4,613,505)
1913 ..	Rs. 44,474,112 (£4,706,255)
Estimated for 1914 about	Rs. 53,449,467 (£5,656,003)

The Assets and Liabilities of the City at 1st January, 1914, were as follows:—

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Cash in hand and with Bankers ..	Loans ..
Liquid Securities ..	Coupons and drawn Bonds not yet presented for payment ..
Municipal Assets, Freehold Land, etc. ..	Sundry Creditors ..
Movable Assets ..	Deposits, etc. ..
Sundry Debtors ..	Surplus of Assets over Liabilities ..
Municipal Works ..	
Rs. 386,008,908 (£40,847,502)	Rs. 111,954,770 (£11,847,066)
	Rs. 472,975 (£49,957)
	Rs. 10,356,626 (£1,095,939)
	Rs. 7,593,705 (£803,566)
	Rs. 255,631,732 (£27,050,974)
	Rs. 386,008,908 (£40,847,502)

Under the Imperial Decree undrawn Bonds of this issue will be accepted as Security on orders and deliveries and other contracts with the Town Boards of St. Petersburg at their nominal value, and also as Security on orders and deliveries for the Imperial Government in virtue of Art. 77 of Regulations on Government Contracts and Deliveries.

Applications should be made on the form provided and forwarded to any of the Bankers, with a deposit of £10 per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and in the event of a partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the payment of the amount due on allotment.

Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the allotment and all previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Brokerage of ½ per cent. will be paid in respect of applications bearing Brokers' stamps.

Application for a Special Settlement and Quotation will in due course be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange.

A certified translation of the Resolution of the Municipal Council authorising the loan can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Dawes and Sons, 2, Birch Lane, E.C., during the usual business hours on any day while the List is open.

Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained from:—

MESSRS. BOULTON BROS. AND CO., 39, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.
LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, LOMBARD STREET, E.C., AND BRANCHES.
THE BANK OF SCOTLAND, 30, BISHOPSGATE, E.C., AND BRANCHES.

29th June, 1914.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG 4½ per cent. LOAN OF 1913.

ISSUE OF £2,254,780.

To LLOYDS BANK LIMITED,
To BANK OF SCOTLAND,
To Messrs. BOULTON BROS. AND CO.,

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to you the sum of £.....being a deposit of Ten per cent. on.....pounds nominal Capital of the above Loan,.....agree to accept that amount or any less sum that may be allotted to.....and to pay the further sums due in respect of such allotment according to the conditions of the Prospectus dated 29th June, 1914.

Signature.....

Name (in full).....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full).....

Description.....

Dated.....

All cheques to be made payable to Bearer and crossed.

35



The most expensive item in connection with paint-work is the labour.

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Please note the only paint like Ripolin is Ripolin; do not be put off with a substitute.

Note the name, Ripolin, that is the paint that does not require varnish and goes farther, lasts longer, and gives better results than any other paint.

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Ripolin, Ltd.,
35, Minories, London, E.C.



THE OPERA HOUSES.

THE event of last week was the visit to London of Dr. Richard Strauss, and the performance, under his direction, of "The Legend of Joseph," a fantastic setting of a Bible legend in the rich dress of the Strauss polyphony and the Venetian Renaissance. The composer, coming rather late into the field of ballet, and aided not only by his librettist, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal, but by Count von Kessler, has followed the Russian fashion, and seeks, through the medium of gesture and music, to render the spoken word superfluous. He seeks also to contrast the simplicity of Joseph with the worldliness of Potiphar's wife, and to express sharply the changing emotions of the two characters. It is an enormously interesting venture, and if the composer leaves us with an impression that he cares less for the lilies and languors of virtue than for the roses and raptures of vice, he is at least always interesting and occasionally inspired. To the extent that it is necessary to be critical of the whole musical issue, we may suggest that in his study of the trees, Strauss has overlooked the wood; in his attention to detail he has sacrificed the big general effects. His ornament is a mosaic of brilliant little jewels; it is not one jewel sparkling from countless facets. A cleverness that is sometimes self-conscious pervades one situation after another. In short, it may be doubted whether the genius of Dr. Strauss responds to the ballet *formule*; his work is a brilliant experiment, but the Russians need fear no rival. The newcomer, M. Miassine, who takes the name-part, is young and of limited experience; he is not always successful in concealing his art. To be quite free from any sense of self in such surroundings would tax the genius of a Nijinsky, and M. Miassine is not yet a genius. He is agreeable, clever, and young, and if these qualities would suffice, all would be well. Unhappily, the music, the mounting, and the dressing call for uncommon gifts on the part of the artists, and it may be doubted whether, with the inevitable exception of Karsavina, any of the company succeeds quite in realising the ideals of the composer, and of those responsible for the *décor*. The angel who takes the trouble to rescue Joseph from Mme. Potiphar when she has justified the poet's statement that "hell knows no fury like a woman scorned," is not a success—his wings gave him a lot of trouble; the Russians seem to take far more kindly to devils than to spirits of the superior kind; and in the interests of dramatic expression, the episode calls for revision. It is never easy to be sublime; to be ridiculous is almost as easy as it is unpleasant.

It is to be remarked that the Drury Lane performances have not escaped criticism from influential quarters. M. Ravel's protest

against the treatment of his "Daphnis and Chloe" has been followed by a complaint from M. Andrew Rimsky-Korsakoff, who denounces the costly arrangement of "Le Coq d'Or," and the cuts from which the original score has suffered. The complainants do not, perhaps, realise the conditions of high pressure under which the work is done, or the need for adapting new work to the taste of those members of the audience who constitute a rather unmusical majority. To give extent and variety to a programme, much must be done that can only be excused on the ground of expediency; but it will be generally admitted that the composers whose work has been mounted at Drury Lane have more to be grateful for than to cavil at.

Caruso was prevailed upon to extend his stay in London, and to give an extra night to Covent Garden, where two interesting revivals are to be noted, the first being "Pelléas et Mélisande" and the second, "Mefistofele." Yet another, "Don Giovanni," is promised for the passing week, and Miss Teyte has been engaged.

It may be doubted whether Debussy's opera could be called for at a time when its exquisite delicacy is less likely to attract. We have witnessed at either opera-house a series of works in which the primary colouring is applied to everything. Story, mounting, music alike have been strong—in some cases, barbaric. Debussy brings repose: his "Pelléas et Mélisande" is the essence of peace and quiet, for the most emotional aspects never leave the world of unrealities. The lover and the beloved, the injured husband, the old white-haired king and the little child whose artless prattle helps to consummate the tragedy—all these are as unreal as the three blind beggars who are discovered sleeping in the woods. Macterlinck's play needed a Debussy to catch and express its mood in music; Debussy needed a Macterlinck to give his subtle and evasive genius the measure of scope it calls for.

On this account it is greatly to be regretted that the opera, under Signor Polacco's direction, became for once both strenuous and robust. Mme. Edvina was sufficiently unreal, and restrained her beautiful voice admirably; and there were moments when M. Maguenat kept well within the picture from which that fine singer and actor, M. Huberdeau never stirred. On the other hand, M. Dufranne, in the part of Goland, was all too realistic; and Miss Sybil Vane, as the child Yniold, challenged the orchestra and won. It may be said that if Mme. Edvina and M. Huberdeau had succeeded in establishing the key of the whole performance, it would have been one of extreme beauty; as things were, they merely showed us how the creation ought to be realised! Signor Polacco was clearly at fault; it sufficed him to conduct as though Debussy were as obvious as Puccini or Verdi.



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I've found
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sixpenny
Havana
Cigar

Pedro Murias
HABANOS
6^d each.
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Actual size.

[SUPPLEMENT.]

THE SKETCH.

JULY 1, 1914



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The World's
Dentifrice

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Take good care of them!
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SELECTIONS OF
FINE PEARL NECKLACES
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AT WILSON & GILL'S
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**A BUNCH OF
FINE
ORIENTAL PEARLS
VALUE £10,000.**

...with Sam
...who defeated Georges

...has been argued, that Bombardier Wells, in
...the greatest test of his life. Bell has been
...man, afraid of nothing on four legs or two, a man
...The match is for the Championship of the British Empire
and £2000.—[Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

JULY 1, 1914

"The Sketch" Supplement.



exhibited in our
have several fine examples
being offered at very moderate

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Number Eighteen—3 doors from D. H. Evans.



Actual
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THE BATTLING OF HEAVY-WEIGHTS: THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION.



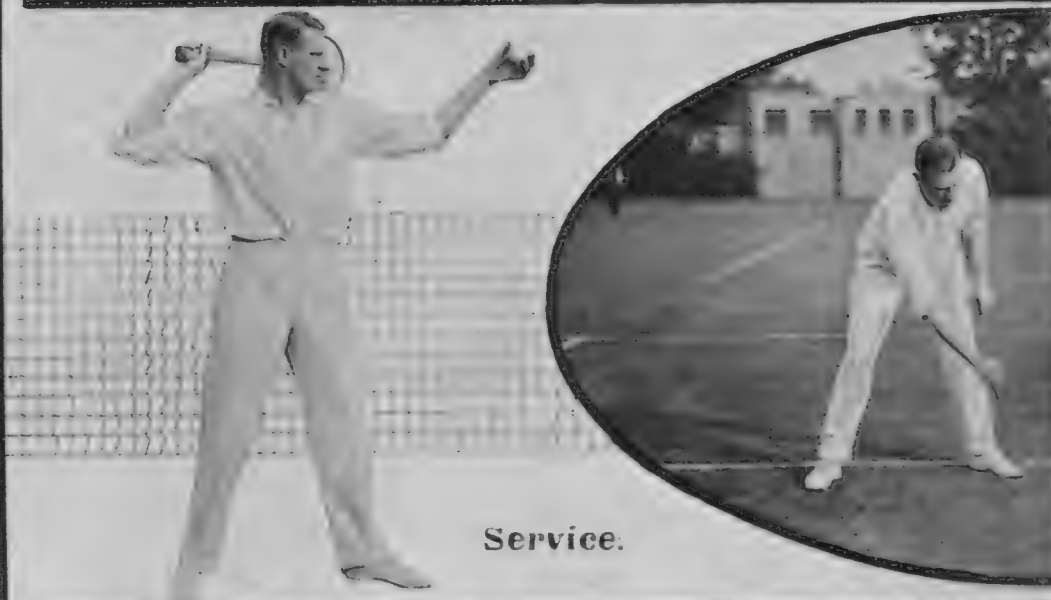
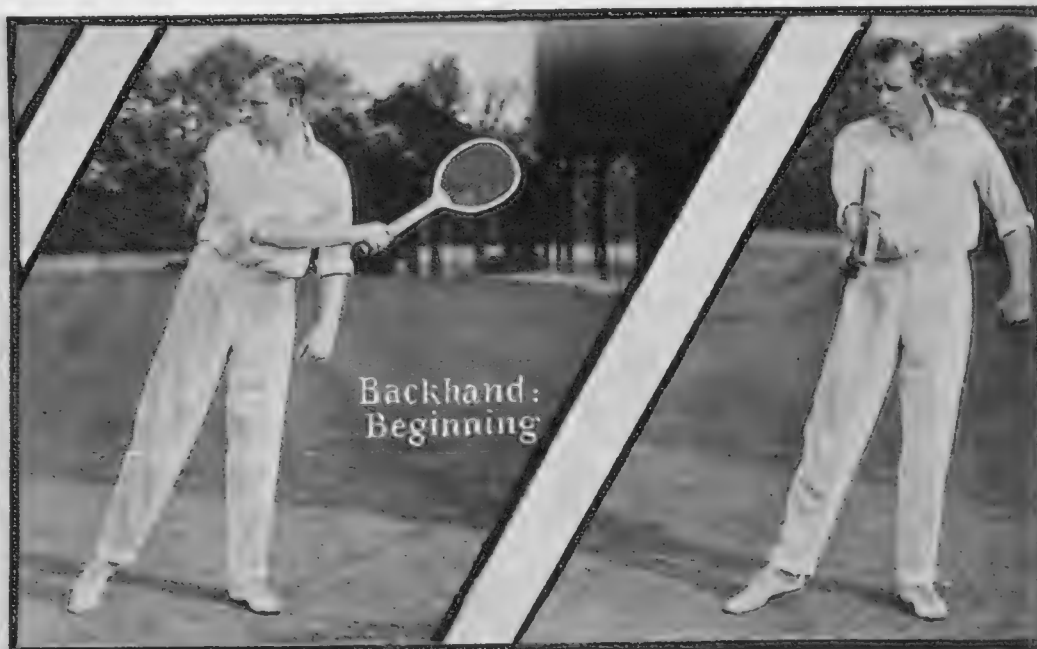
MATCHED TO BOX BOMBARDIER WELLS, OUR OWN HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, YESTERDAY (JUNE 30):

COLIN BELL, HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA.

Almost, if not quite, before this issue of "The Sketch" is purchasable by the public, and present arrangements holding good, the great Boxing Match between Colin Bell, the heavy-weight champion of Australia, and Bombardier Wells, our own heavy-weight champion, will have taken place at Olympia. Bell went fifteen rounds with Sam Langford, and twenty rounds with Joe Jeanette, the coloured boxer who defeated Georges

Carpentier recently. For this reason, it has been argued that Bombardier Wells, in agreeing to meet Bell, decided to face the greatest test of his life. Bell has been described as "a great, big, fighting man, afraid of nothing on four legs or two, a man who likes the game." The match is for the Championship of the British Empire and £2000.—[Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

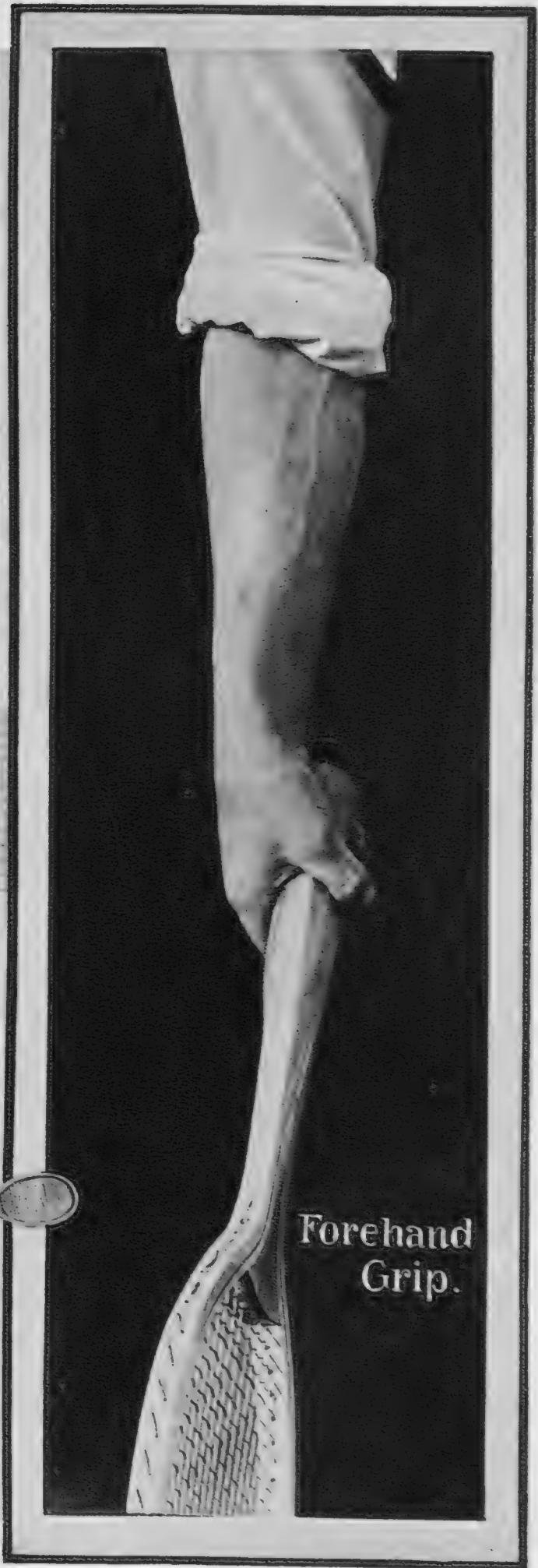
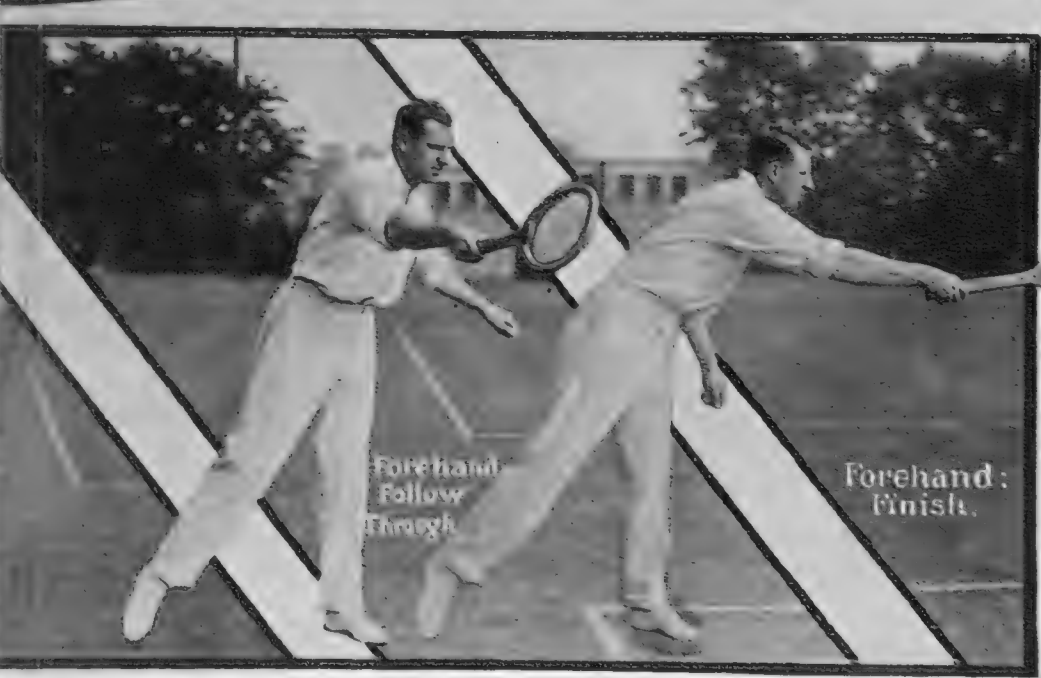
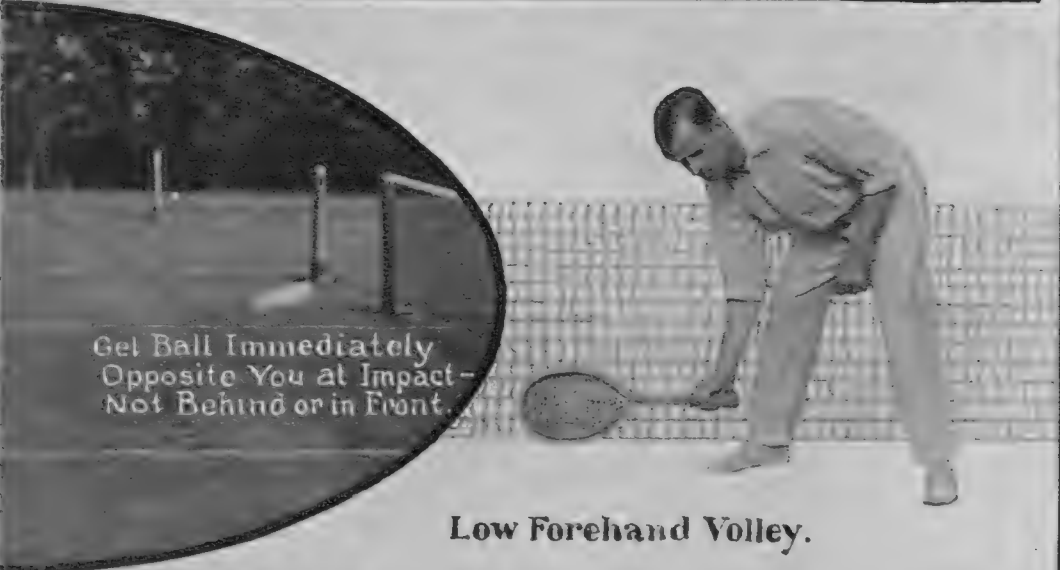
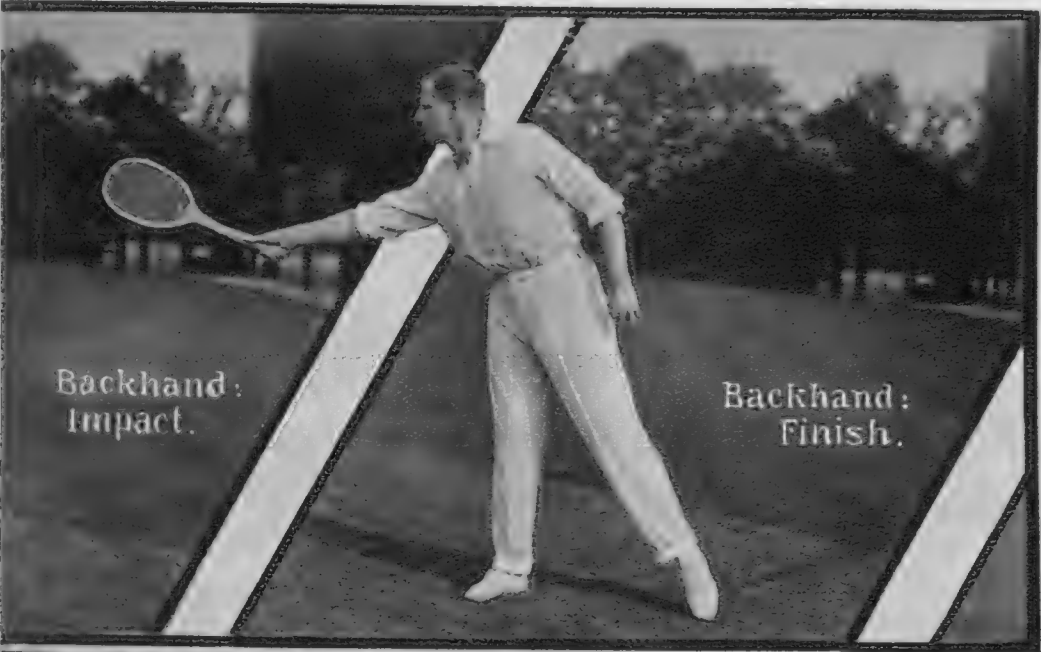
THE ART OF WINNING AT WIMBLEDON — AND ELSEWHERE :



HOW LAWN-TENNIS SHOULD BE PLAYED: MR. A. F. WILDING, WHOM THE WINNER OF THE FOR THE TITLE

Mr. Anthony Frederick Wilding was born at Christchurch, New Zealand, on October 31, 1883, son of Frederick Wilding, who taught him lawn-tennis on asphalt and grass courts in New Zealand, and was seven times a winner in the Doubles Championship of New Zealand. Mr. A. F. Wilding won the Handicap Singles at the New Zealand Championship Meeting when he was sixteen; and, later, won the Freshmen's Tournament at Cambridge, and represented that University against Oxford in 1904 and 1905. Since then, it need scarcely be pointed out, he has had many important wins. He has been, for example, Scottish champion, South of France

A LESSON IN LAWN-TENNIS BY THE SINGLES CHAMPION.



ALL-COMERS' OPEN SINGLES AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT WIMBLEDON WILL PLAY OF CHAMPION.

champion, Covered Court champion at Queen's, Doubles champion (with N. E. Brookes and with M. J. G. Ritchie), champion of Victoria, representative of Australia in Davis Cup matches, champion of New Zealand, champion of South Africa, and Australasian representative at the Olympic Games in Stockholm. Further, he is Singles champion. The winner of the All-Comers' Open Singles at the Championship Meeting at Wimbledon will play him for the title of champion. Certain of our illustrations have appeared in Mr. Wilding's book, "On the Court and Off."—[Photographs by Record Press.]

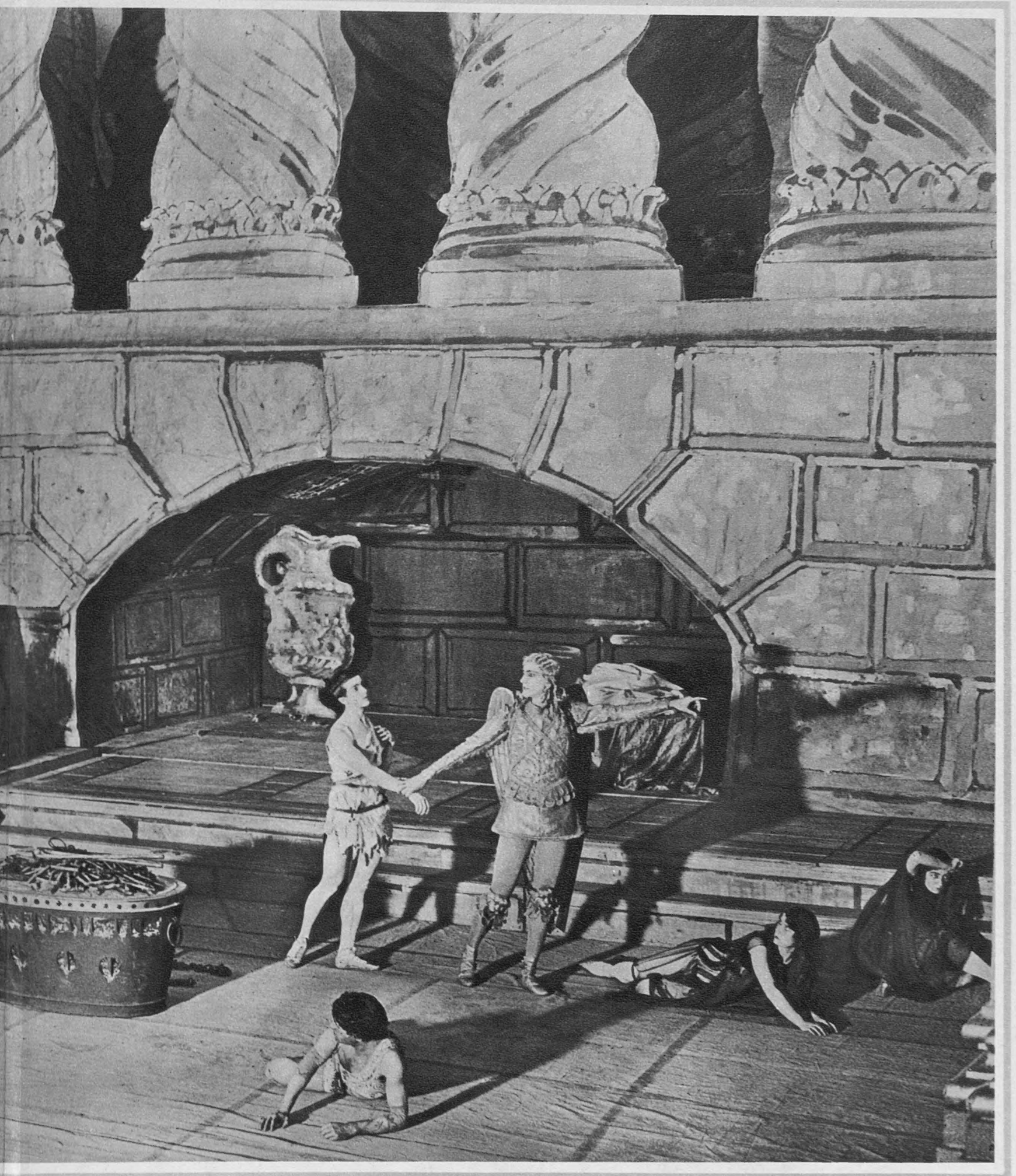
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE WORLD OF GOLD-DUST AND



WHEN POTIPHAR'S WIFE, HAVING FAILED TO POSSESS JOSEPH, KNOWS THAT THERE IS NO
AFTER THE TORTURE OF THE BUR

Dr. Richard Strauss's "La Légende de Joseph" was produced for the first time in England at Drury Lane last week. As we have already stated, the old Biblical story is presented in sixteenth-century costume, in the manner of Paolo Veronese. Dr. Strauss himself conducted. The subject is the contrast and the conflict between two worlds—that of Potiphar, "a world in which even the air seems charged with gold-dust," and that of Joseph,

THE WORLD OF DESERT SAND: "LA LÉGENDE DE JOSEPH."



THING LEFT FOR HER BUT DEATH: JOSEPH UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE ARCHANGEL,
BURNING BRAZIER—AT DRURY LANE.

the desert-bred shepherd-boy. The work shows how Potiphar's wife, failing to possess Joseph, brings about her own destruction; how her lust turns to anger, to vengeance, and to the exercising of the torture of the burning braziers; how, at last, she sees Joseph under the protection of the Archangel, and knows that there is nothing left for her but death.—[*Photograph by Farrington Photo. Company.*]

THE EMINENT MORALIST FIGURES IN A LIVING PICTURE



1. MISS FAY COMPTON AS CISSIE, A FILM ACTRESS; AND MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS JOSIAH CLUTTERBUCK, AN EMINENT MORALIST.
2. MISS DOROTHY WARD AS LOUISE, THE FILM PRINCESS.
3. MR. LAURI DE FRECE AS JOSIAH CLUTTERBUCK.

4. MISS DOROTHY WARD AS LOUISE.

5. PHYLLIS, DAUGHTER OF JOSIAH, AND VICTOR, A FILM ACTOR, ARE FOUND ASLEEP IN A LIFT AT THE RITZROY HOTEL AFTER A SONGFUL IMPRISONMENT.

"The Cinema Star" is concerned with the strange adventures of Josiah Clutterbuck, an eminent moralist, who very much objects to cinematograph pictures, especially when they are of the romantic order; is trapped into being taken in one of them; and is duly "exhibited" in the Picture Palaces as a great comedian!

THE CINEMA STAR"—AND JOSIAH—AT THE SHAFTESBURY.



JOSIAH CLUTTERBUCK IS "DISCOVERED" BY HIS WIFE AS, UNKNOWNLY, HE IS PLAYING A PART IN A FILM DRAMA.
MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AS PHYLLIS, DAUGHTER OF JOSIAH CLUTTERBUCK.

8. MR. JACK HULBERT AS BILLY.
9. MISS FAY COMPTON AS CISSIE.
10. MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE AS PHYLLIS AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN AS VICTOR DE BRETT.

There are, of course, various other complications. It may interest our readers to recall, in connection with these photographs, that Miss Cicely Courtneidge is engaged to marry Mr. Jack Hulbert; and that Miss Fay Compton, widow of the late chief of the Follies, has just become engaged to Mr. Lauri de Frece.

"THE GOLDEN COCKEREL"; OTHERWISE, "LE COQ D'OR."



1. SEEN IN LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME THE OTHER DAY: A GROUP FROM "LE COQ D'OR," SHOWING KING DODON.

2 and 3. MME. THAMAR KARSAVINA AS THE CHOREOGRAPHIC QUEEN OF SHEMAKHAN.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or," presented for the first time in England the other day at Drury Lane, has created a sensation, not only for itself, but for the excellence of the presentation, with scenery invented by Miss Nathalie Gontcharowa. A novel feature of it is that there are two casts; that is to say, two people appear as each

one of the characters—forming the Choreographic Cast, who dance and perform the action generally; and the Vocal Cast, who sit apart and sing. Thus, for example, Mme. Thamar Karsavina dances the Queen of Shemakhan, while Mine. Dobrowolska sings the rôle.

First Photograph by Saul Bransburg; Camera Portraits of Mme. Karsavina by E. O. Hoppe.